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# JUDY DROPS IN

*A COMEDY OF YOUTH AND LOVE  
IN THREE ACTS*

BY  
MARK SWAN

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## JUDY DROPS IN

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PUNCH AND JUDY THEATRE, NEW YORK

JUDY DROPS IN

*Characters As You Meet Them  
(Original New York Cast)*

TOM DANFORTH .....	George Meeker
DICK WEATHERBY .....	Edward Wever
HARRY STANTON .....	Frank Beaston
JACK LETHBRIDGE .....	Donald Gallaher
MRS. MAGUIRE .....	Lida Kane
JUDY DRUMMOND .....	Marion Mears
NATHAN GRIDLEY .....	Walter Soderling
MRS. LUCIA HUNTER-MADISON....	Hazele Burgess
MR. LETHBRIDGE .....	Theodore Babcock

*The action takes place in a studio in Greenwich Village known as "The Rookery."*

*During Act I the curtain will be lowered for ten seconds to denote the passing of a night.*

*One month elapses between Acts I and II.*

*A few hours pass between Acts II and III.*

*Stage direction by John Hayden.*





# JUDY DROPS IN

## ACT I

**DISCOVERED:** *HARRY up center in front of steps, shadow-boxing. DICK seated left of table, studying a heavy medical book. TOM standing in front of modelling stand, back of couch, back to audience, modelling on head of DICK. Lump of clay in hand, modelling spatulae on stand. TOM crosses to piano and takes his coat, which is thrown on upper end of piano, and feels in pockets. As he does this DICK uncrosses his legs, stamps his right foot, rubs the calf of this leg, and then turns slightly left, putting his feet on table. TOM turns away from piano and sees that he has altered his position.*

**TOM.** *(Crossing to DICK, speaking crossly)* Dick, will you hold still!

**DICK.** *(Reading)* My foot's asleep.

**TOM.** I'm not modelling your foot. *(Above DICK, re-poses his head, facing straight front, leaving him in an uncomfortable position)* As you were. *(Crosses back to modelling stand, takes up clay, feels of it, slams it down on stand, and crosses to piano. Gets large silver loving cup, a sports trophy, from center of piano, crosses to right of stand and starts sprinkling a little water on his modelling clay.)*

**HARRY.** *(During above has picked up Indian clubs from right end of bunk left and started swinging them. Drops clubs, crosses to TOM and snatches cup from his hand)* I like your nerve! *(Crosses*

to DICK, left of table, pours water from cup into glass pitcher on upper end of table, right of lighted table lamp.)

TOM. A little water won't hurt your old cup.

DICK. Don't mess about with that cup.

TOM. Huh!

HARRY. I worked hard to get it.

TOM. Yes you did!

HARRY. (*Crossing right and replacing cup center of piano*) I earned it!

TOM. Yeh!

HARRY. And it's my baby!

TOM. (*Busy modelling*) It will be a sad day for you when you have to pawn it!

HARRY. I'll only pawn it to get me a coffin! (*Crosses up and picks up Indian clubs. He is dressed in sneakers, dark trousers, and gym shirt.*)

TOM. (*After an awkward pause, to piano again*) Harry, have you had my pipe?

HARRY. You know I've sworn off smoking!

TOM. (*At lower end of piano, looking for pipe. He is dressed in gray trousers, and a sport shirt, open at neck*) Dick, have you seen my pipe?

DICK. (*Reading and paying no attention. Dressed in old blue suit, coat off, light sweater on, collar and tie*) It rests just beneath the pericardium——

TOM. (*Turning*) What?

DICK. What is it?

TOM. My pipe—my pipe.

DICK. No!! (*DICK sulkily reads again.*)

TOM. (*Takes a good look at him, and thinks pipe DICK is smoking may be the one. Crosses and takes it from his mouth, standing right of DICK, back to audience*)

HARRY. Here it is. (*Hands TOM pipe he gets in bunk right; must look like one DICK is smoking.*)

TOM. Thanks. (*Crosses above to table, to left end*

of it, where tobacco jar is, with just a pipeful of tobacco in it; empties same into piece of newspaper on table and shakes it into pipe, then lights it. While above is going on, continue lines and action. HARRY picks up clubs and starts swinging them.)

DICK. Why don't you do more painting and less—whatever you call that?

HARRY. Paintings! (*Drops clubs. Comes down.*) You don't call those things that I do paintings!

DICK. Well, you get enough out of it to study real art, don't you?

HARRY. (*Serious*) Real art, yes, and when I see real art—and watch the men who are doing it—I get that all-gone feeling right here. (*He taps his stomach. Crosses R. and looking at painting on piano, behind cup, unframed*) I'm a dub. (*Sits piano stool.*)

TOM. (*Crosses to model. Modelling*) You bet you are.

HARRY. I know it.

TOM. You bet you do.

HARRY. That's the difference between us. I'm a dub and I know it and you're a dub and don't know it.

TOM. Well, anyhow I work. (*TOM has crossed to left of modelling stand. HARRY now comes to right of same, and as he speaks takes lump of clay and slams it on top of the modelled head of DICK.*)

HARRY. You call that work—that mud-pie!?

TOM. Oh, get out of the way. (*He slams HARRY on couch.*)

DICK. For heaven's sake, will you fellows quit wrangling? How the devil do you expect me to study——

HARRY. We don't expect you to study. (*He rises*) I don't see how you can. (*He goes to DICK*) Why do you try? (*He takes book from DICK*) Gray's Anatomy! Do you really mean to be a



doctor? What have you got against your fellow men? Why not let them die a natural death? (*He goes left of table. DICK grabs at book.*)

DICK. Give me that book, will you? (*Rising.*)

TOM. Sit still. (*Replaces his head.*)

HARRY. (*Looks at book*) What a beautiful landscape—— Oh, I beg your pardon—it's a cross section of a gentleman's thorax.

(*The following lines all come together and are practically an ad lib. DICK starts around below table after HARRY, who is left of it. TOM follows DICK. HARRY runs right above couch, around it, the other two following. He then runs left below couch and table, DICK after him. TOM stops at couch and runs back left above table, so that as HARRY reaches the chair left of table, one is coming at him from each side; seeing that he is trapped, he steps on the chair, from there to the table, and jumps down on the side nearest center, and up to steps center. For the sake of safety, lamp, tobacco and pitcher must be at upper end of table.*)

DICK. (*Chasing HARRY*) Have a heart, Harry—I've got to know something about this tomorrow——

TOM. (*Chasing HARRY*) Oh, give him his book.

HARRY. He's too young to study like this. (*Retreating with book.*)

DICK. (*Following him—about table*) Cut it out——

TOM. (*Following DICK*) Have a little sense, Harry—— Give me a chance.

(*Together*)

(*Their last five lines are ad lib. during action.*)

ANGRY VOICE. (*Heard off*) Hey—you fellows! Hey! (*DICK and TOM catch HARRY up by window and tickle him. He howls. DICK gets his book.*) Hey!!! (*All listen to man off.*)

HARRY. There's that duffer next door. He thinks he's sleepy again. (*He opens window at back and calls out*) Hello, you!

VOICE. (*Off*) Do you know it's midnight?

HARRY. (*Very sweetly*) Oh, thank you so much. Will you please let me know when it's two o'clock? (*DICK R. of steps. TOM L. of steps.*)

VOICE. (*Off*) I want to go to sleep.

HARRY. (*Sweetly*) You may go this time, but never ask me again. (*All three laugh and kid the fellow next door ad lib.*)

(*Enter JACK LETHBRIDGE, left. He wears a light Norfolk suit and soft hat. He has a small Vandyke beard.*)

JACK. Hey, you fellows, I could hear you down in the street! Do you want to get us all thrown out? (*Comes to in front of table L.C.*)

DICK. (*Down to him*) It's the old man! Hello, old man.

JACK. Old man? Cut that out, will you? (*Throws him into chair R. of table.*)

HARRY. (*Comes down R. of JACK. Slams JACK on sofa*) We ought to call you "Grandpa." Why don't you shave? (*JACK starts at him and he dashes up onto roof.*)

TOM. (*Crossing to piano to light pipe*) Yes, you can be a good lawyer without a pipeful of Turkish tobacco on your chin.

JACK. I like a beard. I like this one. I think it's a good idea for a young lawyer to wear one. It adds dignity—age. Now shut up about it, for I'm going to wear it!

DICK. Let him alone! I think he's dislocated my epiglottis.

HARRY. (*Coming down steps*) Where have you been all evening?

JACK. Talking with a client! (*Up and gets suitcase from above piano. Puts it on couch, standing above couch.*)

HARRY. How much money did you give him? (*Getting sweat shirt from bunk left and putting it on.*)

JACK. (*Crossing D.*) This is a regular client. He's going to give me money—real money! (*Placing suitcase on couch.*)

TOM. Three rousing cheers!

ALL. Hooray!

JACK. Dry up, will you?

HARRY. (*Left of JACK*) Going away?

JACK. My client is waiting downstairs to drive me up to Dobb's Ferry.

(*The following lines are all spoken at once, constituting a noise and ad lib. until MRS. MAGUIRE slams piano lid down.*)

HARRY. What in—a pushmobile?

TOM. Why don't you get a client in Weehawken? You won't have so far to go.

DICK. You never had a client who owned an automobile anyway, what are you giving us?

(*MRS. MAGUIRE enters left, slamming door. She wears a house dress of wash goods. DICK rises to greet her. She passes him and crosses above couch. As soon as she opens door, HARRY dashes to piano and starts to play "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." She crosses to him. JACK is above couch. HARRY steps forward to meet her, leaving him at left end of couch. All ad lib. noisily.*)



MRS. MAGUIRE. For the love of Heaven! Keep quiet! How many times must I tell you? Shut up! (*Slams piano lid.*) I've warned you boys often enough. This is the finish! Out you go in the morning. (*At right end of couch.*)

JACK. (*Back of couch*) I told you so. (*HARRY at piano. MRS. MAGUIRE in front of couch. TOM at left end of couch. DICK left of TOM.*)

TOM. Now, Mrs. Maguire, you don't mean that?

HARRY. (*R.*) In the morning?

MRS. MAGUIRE. One more chirp out of you and I'll throw you out tonight. (*Turns at him. He jumps up on piano.*)

(*JACK crosses to left of TOM, behind him. TOM crosses up to modelling stand, left end of couch, and takes head on its framework and crosses behind couch to piano, and places head there above cup. HARRY at lower end of piano. MRS. MAGUIRE crosses to center and JACK leads her to below table L.C., right of JACK. DICK above them to center.*)

JACK. Really, Mrs. Maguire, I am sorry we are so noisy.

MRS. MAGUIRE. I'm not blaming you. They behave pretty well when you are here, but you're away so much.

JACK. If you'll let us stay, I promise you that from now on I'll keep them quiet or kill them.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Well, it's all the same to me. If you kill them, they'll stay quiet.

TOM. (*Starting to her*) Why, Mrs. Maguire—

HARRY. Leave it to the old man. He'll fix it. (*Stops TOM, who sits R. end of couch.*)

JACK. Then you'll give us another trial?

MRS. MAGUIRE. There's a few conditions. (*She crosses L.C. She crosses to TOM standing above*

*couch*) I don't care how much you chase after girls, but they got to stop coming here.

TOM. Those are models, Mrs. Maguire.

HARRY. Yes, we work from life!

MRS. MAGUIRE. You—work? You're the laziest divil alive! All you think about is thim dumb bells. I suppose you think you are going to lick Tunney wan of these days. Yes you are, if Tunney'll stand still and shut his eyes. (*Turns away to center. DICK is right next to her.*) And you, no more home brew! You nearly blew up the house!

JACK. I'll attend to all that. And now that we understand each other, how about a little supper?

MRS. MAGUIRE. At twelve o'clock? (*JACK is at right corner of table, MRS. MAGUIRE right of him.*)

DICK. (*Comes down R. of MRS. MAGUIRE*) Mrs. Maguire, let me refresh your memory. Six months ago you rented us this loft!

MRS. MAGUIRE. Loft! 'Tis a fine room. (*As DICK talks he turns and indicates the whole room, making a complete turn and ending facing front again.*)

DICK. It is now. We named it "The Rookery." We made it the thing of beauty that you see, and we bargained with you to keep it clean.

MRS. MAGUIRE. And that's twenty-six hours' work a day.

JACK. (*Crossing back with toothpaste and brush which he gets from shelf*) Oh, come now, I think you exaggerate!

DICK. We also arranged with you to cook our breakfast.

MAGUIRE. I'm all done cooking for you.

JACK. Just this once.

MAGUIRE. If I feed you just this once, will you give me your word——

ALL. Yes, yes!

DICK. It's a bargain!

MRS. MAGUIRE. It's an imposition, that's what it is, but it's better than losing the rest of me tenants. (*Up to kitchen corner. Crosses up c. and to L. Boys are jubilant. DICK to L. end of couch.*)

HARRY. (*To JACK*) Have you got her hypnotized? (*JACK silences HARRY with a gesture.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. Why, there's nothin' here to ate. The cupboard is empty.

DICK. (*Sits on couch*) Oh, Mother Hubbard had nothing on us.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Blusters*) Some day you'll make me lose me timper. (*She starts down at DICK. JACK intercepts her and places her in chair R. of table.*)

JACK. Won't you sit down?

(*DICK rises and crosses to R. of MRS. MAGUIRE.*

*JACK above DICK to above couch, gets hat and suitcase, crosses left above table and sets suitcase by door and hangs hat on rack, and is left of table for next speech.*)

DICK. Mrs. Maguire—I've just been thinking.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Suspiciously*) Oh, you have—

DICK. It just occurred to me you might have some bread and cheese downstairs and you could make us some sandwiches.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Think again.

DICK. (*Very cajoling*) Nobody makes sandwiches like yours—— (*He bends over her. She pushes him away right as she speaks.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. Go on wid yer blarney——

JACK. (*L. of table*) Now don't you think you could give them some of your wonderful sandwiches. Eh?—as a favor to me.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Well, I might.

JACK. And some coffee?



MRS. MAGUIRE. No, coffee keeps me awake.  
(Rises) I'll make you a pot of tea.

(The following spoken together, DICK's line coming out last and alone.)

HARRY. No tea for me.

TOM. I don't want any tea.

DICK. I hate tea.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (In front of table L.) Oh, you do, but you're strong for that juniper gin. (Turns toward door) I'll make you some sandwiches. (TOM extends hand to HARRY in triumph.)

TOM. (To HARRY) We have met the enemy and she is *ours*.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (Turns sharply) Oh, I'm *yours*, am I? Well, you watch your step, young man, for if I hear you spake above a whisper, out ye go. And whether ye go or stay, I'll cook no more for ye. The work is too hard. The hours is too early and too late and too many. Besides, ye owe me three weeks' wages and a bill for the market.

HARRY. (To L. end of couch) If you'll only cook for us, we'll do anything you say. We'll even pay you what we owe you.

MRS. MAGUIRE. If it wasn't for Mr. Lethbridge—— (She indicates JACK) Ye'd be roostin' on your trunk on the sidewalk right now.

HARRY. (Mischievously) Say, fellows—I think Mrs. Maguire is trying to vamp the Old Man.

MRS. MAGUIRE. You do—do ye. When I get another man 'twill not be one to *raise*. (Scornfully) "Old Man," you call him . . . twenty-eight . . . if he'd cut off them whiskers, he'd look younger than any of you.

JACK. Lay off my beard!

HARRY. I think *someone* ought to warn your husband.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Crosses to door and throws it open before speaking*) Go right downstairs and do it now, while I put in a call for the ambulance. Tim fought at a hundred and sixty-five whin he was champion.

HARRY. What is your fighting weight?

MRS. MAGUIRE. Ye frish young divil! (*Starts at him, JACK intercepts her and leads her to the door. As she exits she grumbles out*) I've a good mind to poison your sandwich. (*Exit MRS. MAGUIRE. JACK closes door after her.*)

JACK. If you fellows don't stop kidding Mrs. Maguire we'll all find ourselves in a ground floor apartment in Washington Park. (*Crosses c. to right of DICK*) By George, she's right, we are an awful bunch of sun-dodgers. (*Turns on DICK. HARRY is above couch leaning on modelling stand; goes there when MRS. MAGUIRE starts after him, running around R. end of couch. JACK turns to DICK*) I've been watching you—why, you're a medical student. You know what this bootleg stuff will do to your little insides. (*He turns to TOM*) And this crowd of girls you've begun to go about with—(*He shakes his head. Sits on couch*) You're not going ahead with your work—and you know it. (*To HARRY*) You haven't done a stroke of work this week. Come on, fellows, let's pull up and go somewhere.

DICK. All right. If you feel that way about it, let's start with you. (*Left end of couch, standing.*)

HARRY. Yes. Suppose you reform.

TOM. (*R. end of couch, sitting*) We stick down here because we have to. You stick down here because you're a nut.

JACK. Now wait a minute——

HARRY. You poor fish, all you have to do is to go square yourself with your dad. Then you go back in his office——

TOM. Move back uptown to a regular home.

DICK. Have your pockets full of money instead of being *broke* all the time.

TOM. Say, if I had a sister like yours you couldn't drag me away from home.

JACK. I'd like to oblige you boys, but it can't be done. Somebody has got to do settlement work. Somebody has got to help these poor devils down here with their legal tangles.

HARRY. (*Head of couch*) Somebody has to wear whiskers.

JACK. Oh, shut up. (*Cross L., get suitcase and hat, at door*) Well, I'm off to Dobb's Ferry. Now for Heaven's sake don't do anything else to get Mrs. Maguire down on us. Have a little sense. I'll be back tomorrow. Good night. (*Going out.*)

DICK. Good night, old man! }

HARRY. Tata, grandpa. }

TOM. So long, Methusala! }

JACK. Oh, you darn fools! }

(*Spoken together.*)

(*JACK exits. DICK sits R. of table and picks up book. HARRY still above couch, TOM rises, puts pipe on piano, and lays full lenght on couch.*)

DICK. The poor fish. His father has a fifty thousand dollar practice. The old man could make up with his dad, go in his office——

TOM. I suppose his dad has cut him off with a shilling.

HARRY. Without a shilling (*Crosses below couch at L. end, throws TOM's feet off to floor and sits*) I've seen his dad. He wouldn't let go of a Lincoln penny until it delivered a Gettysburg Address. (*TOM puts his feet back in HARRY's lap.*)

DICK. The old man has a little money of his own.

TOM. He gives most of it away down here——



HARRY. Was there *ever* such a silly—lovable—exasperating——

TOM. I think his family is *right*——

DICK. (*Puts down book on table, rise and center*)  
Oh, so do I, but isn't it wonderful to meet a chap who has courage enough to do the ideal thing even though it exasperates you?

(*During above a low murmur of voices starts on the words "wonderful" and ends with*)

JUDY. Let me alone!

TOM. Listen!

MALE VOICE. Come along, kid!

HARRY. Oh, it's only the crowd coming out of the Purple Pig.

JUDY. Stop it!

MALE VOICE. I'll treat you right.

(*DICK rushes to window, which is an imaginary one at the front of the stage looking down into the orchestra pit. The voices come from the door to the pit.*)

DICK. It's a fellow bothering a girl. (*TOM rushes to right of DICK, HARRY to left of him*)  
Let go of that girl, you——

(*The girl screams. HARRY rushes out left and is heard clattering down the stairs. The argument between the man and girl continues.*)

TOM. (*To door L.*) Look out, Harry, you'll break your darn neck!

DICK. You leave her alone! (*Leaves window and rushes R. TOM intercepts him.*)

TOM. Where do you think you are going?

DICK. Down to help Harry.

TOM. Do you want to insult him? There's only one man down there. *(Both boys break it with a laugh and go back to look out the window c. TOM is L. of DICK. They should appear to enjoy this fight hugely.)*

DICK. *(Gleefully)* Look—look!

TOM. This is going to be pretty. *(Fight off.)*

DICK. *(Calling out window)* Uppercut him, old boy——

TOM. *(Calling out window)* In the jaw—in the jaw——

DICK. Bully for you——

TOM. Atta boy——

DICK. See him run! *(The two leave window, clapping each other on the back and shaking hands, laughing and talking ad lib. about the "scrap.")*

DICK. Maybe he'll see her home—whoever she is. *(Crosses to door.)*

TOM. I wonder if she's got a friend with her. *(Looks out window again, buttoning collar)* He's coming back. *(Listens.)*

DICK. *(To R. of table, apprehensively)* How slowly he walks.

TOM. *(Concerned)* Maybe he's hurt——

DICK. *(Starts for door. Pauses and looks out of door and calls as if talking down steps)* Are you hurt, Harry?

HARRY. *(Off)* No, I'm all right.

TOM. Can you see him?

DICK. No. It's too dark, but he says he's all right.

HARRY. *(Off)* Keep the door open, will you?

DICK. Sure. *(He opens the door wide and stands beside it)* Great Scott! *(He stares amazed at HARRY, who enters with JUDY in his arms.)*

*(JUDY DRUMMOND is a young girl, pretty and piquant when in her senses, but at present un-*

conscious in HARRY's arms. *She is dressed in a white satin Pierrot suit with black rosettes—full blouse coat, satin knickerbockers, white silk stockings and pumps. A long cloak is partly draped over her. Her hair has come down and HARRY has her peaked cap clenched in one hand. There is a bloodstain on her forehead. DICK is at door. HARRY places JUDY on couch, standing above couch. TOM, to left end of couch, takes her feet, starts to help. DICK crosses below couch in a very professional manner.)*

DICK. I'll take charge here. (*Kneels below couch. Takes pulse.*)

TOM. (*Soberly*) Is she—dead?

DICK. No, she's sustained a trifling haemotoma of the left occiput with slight hemorrhage, some contusion and shock——

HARRY. (*Relieved—crosses to R. of table*) Never mind—I'll read it. (*Picks up DICK's book*) What's the matter? Tell us in regular talk,

DICK. (*Crossly*) She's bumped her head and it's bleeding. Get some water. (*TOM quickly goes up left and returns with pitcher from table.*) Get me a cloth—move! (*HARRY brings a Pullman towel from kitchen corner.*) She'll be all right directly.

TOM. Some girl.

HARRY. Some rig.

TOM. What a pose.

HARRY. I'll say so. (*HARRY dashes to his bunk and gets drawing-board and pencil and comes down c. and begins to sketch her. TOM gets a small board from lower part of modelling stand and places it on the revolving top, gets fresh can of clay from bunk up R. and begins to model. This work continues steadily until MRS. MAGUIRE enters.*)

DICK. Say, why did you hit her?

HARRY. Why—you—I didn't hit her. I handed him a wallop, he reeled against her and knocked her down. Her head must have struck the curb.

(JUDY begins to move.)

DICK. She's coming round now.

HARRY. I've seen it often on the stage. Sweet young thing swoons and waits till she has an audience—to open her eyes. Then she says, "Where am I?"

DICK. Shush! (*Bends over her.*)

JUDY. (*Half sits up. Gives him a resounding slap on the face*) Don't you touch me! (*HARRY starts forward.*) Don't you come near me! You've no right to keep me here. I want to go home. (*Sinking back on couch hysterically*) I want to go home.

HARRY. I think she wants to go home.

TOM. Follow the green line. (*She rises; sinks back weakly.*)

DICK. Keep still, you ass! She's hurt. (*He bends over her, and as she comes to again with an "Oh" for the next line, she moves her arm and he dodges back, expecting another slap.*)

JUDY. Oh! (*Raises her hand to her head. DICK starts back.*) What happened to me?

HARRY. You have sustained a slight hema-something of the left octopus. He'll tell you the rest.

DICK. Nothing serious.

(JUDY comes to and sees HARRY; sits up and extends her hand. TOM replaces it in the pose he is modelling.)

JUDY. I remember you. He was holding my arm when you—that was a peachy uppercut. (*She shakes hands with HARRY.*)



TOM. As you were. (*He replaces her arm in position. He models. HARRY sketches.*)

JUDY. My goodness, I'm dizzy.

DICK. Just lie still a bit—and you'll be all right.

JUDY. (*Meekly*) Yes, Doctor. (*TOM and HARRY laugh while DICK looks at them, annoyed.*) What's the joke—let me in. (*They laugh again.*)

JUDY. Why are they laughing?

DICK. Because one of them's a silly ass.

JUDY. Yes. (*Points to HARRY*) This one. What's the other one? (*She looks at TOM.*)

DICK. Oh, he's just a plain darn fool. Don't pay any attention.

JUDY. All right, I won't. Prop me up. (*DICK puts a cushion under her so she can sit up on couch.*) That's comfy. (*She looks about*) What a queer old place . . . but everything is queer down here in the Village. What is it, a club?

TOM. No. This is the Rookery.

JUDY. The rookery—lovely—and you boys just come up here and have a good time.

HARRY. Yes. You see, we get tired of the drawing room and the library and the billiard room—(*Points down as if to a spacious mansion*)—so we camp up here. (*JUDY takes this seriously.*)

JUDY. Isn't that lovely!

DICK. Do you mind telling me who you are? (*Brings piano stool; sits R. end of couch.*)

JUDY. Of course not. I'm Judy Drummond. Who are you?

DICK. My name is Weatherby.

JUDY. Glad to meet you, Dr. Weatherby. Introduce your friends. (*DICK rises and takes her hand.*)

DICK. This is Mr. Stanton. (*HARRY bows.*) And Mr. Danforth. (*TOM bows. DICK sits again.*)

JUDY. Delighted to know you.

DICK. Do you live very far from here?

JUDY. No. Not very far.

DICK. I suppose you came down to a village party.

JUDY. (*Laughing*) Party? The idea! I've been putting in a load of coal.

(*MRS. MAGUIRE enters left with sandwiches wrapped in a paper.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. I've done me best and—— (*She sees JUDY, stops short, places sandwiches on table*) Well, for the love of Mike! (*She goes to JUDY, while each of the boys, not noticing the other, goes to his alcove and hastily prepares to go on the street. MRS. MAGUIRE is just going to scold JUDY when she notices the girl is hurt.*) Where were ye hurted?

JUDY. My head. But it's not bad. I'll be all right.

MRS. MAGUIRE. They'll get you home safe—I hope.

(*TOM comes forward. Boys all have coats on, hats in hand. TOM R. of couch.*)

TOM. (*Crossing D.R.*) Well—all ready?

DICK. (*Comes forward, L. end of couch*) Do you feel able to go?

HARRY. (*Comes forward to R. of table*) Wait a minute—I saw her first.

TOM. I'm the oldest—— (*Crosses to HARRY.*)

DICK. (*R. of TOM*) Suppose her head bothers her on the way, you wouldn't know what to do.

HARRY. Suppose another souse came along. (*There is a short ad lib. argument among the boys as to which shall take her home.*)

JUDY. Good gracious, what's the matter?

MRS. MAGUIRE. They're fightin' over you. The winner will take you home—if he's able.

DICK. We'll all take her. Company fall in!  
(*Boys line up diagonally R. of couch.*)

HARRY. One for all and all for one. Lady, the Three Musketeers are at your service. (*All boys bow low.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. Home it is, and the *quicker* the better.

JUDY. But I can't go home. (*All surprised—a little general ad lib. murmur from all.*)

DICK. Oh, yes, you can. I think you'll be all right now. (*To above couch.*)

JUDY. But I'm locked out.

TOM. Who locked you out? (*To end of couch left.*)

JUDY. My stepfather.

DICK. Won't your mother let you in?

JUDY. I haven't any mother. I live with my stepfather and his second wife. I was invited to this party tonight and they told me I couldn't go, so I sneaked out, and when I got home at eleven o'clock the house was locked and I couldn't get in.

HARRY. We'll wake him up.

JUDY. No, no. If he finds out I disobeyed him he'll turn me out.

HARRY. (*Fiercely*) Where is this man—what's his name?—that's what I want to know—what's the address? . . . (*HARRY starts for door left. TOM catches him and they come back center. JUDY starts to rise.*)

TOM. Keep cool. We haven't any money to bail you out.

JUDY. But I suppose I'll have to go *somewhere*. (*She rises, reels and sinks back in MRS. MAGUIRE'S arms, half unconscious.*)

HARRY. Steady, there—— (*DICK, above sofa, helps catch her. HARRY crosses to head of sofa right.*)

TOM. She is *hurt*.

DICK. This looks bad——

MRS. MAGUIRE. Have ye a drop o' the crater?

HARRY. Come on, boys.

(DICK is above couch, fanning JUDY with his hat.

MRS. MAGUIRE below couch. HARRY throws his hat in the bunk R. and crosses to above trunk against R. wall above piano. TOM throws his hat in same bunk and crosses to lower end of trunk. MRS. MAGUIRE crosses L. below couch and above table to kitchen corner. The two boys carry a small steamer trunk out and set it center of stage. TOM R. of trunk, HARRY left. MRS. MAGUIRE crosses back of them with a glass or tumbler to above couch. DICK turns to R. of TOM, who steps above trunk as HARRY gets a keyring from his pocket and unlocks trunk. The boys must be careful to keep their eyes steadily on the trunk during all this business. DICK has his hat on now. HARRY lifts trunk lid and steps back left of it. TOM takes out a suitcase. HARRY closes trunk. TOM places suitcase on top of trunk, and with a side-wise glance at DICK takes a leather key fold from his trousers' pocket and selects a key, bends and unlocks suitcase. He takes out a tin cash box. HARRY closes suitcase lid and TOM places box on it. DICK turns away R., and gets a single key from his watch pocket and unlocks box. All boys make a dive for the box, but HARRY comes up with the pint flask of whiskey. He starts R. DICK pushes him back, at the same time taking the flask away and hands it to MRS. MAGUIRE. DICK turns front. MRS. MAGUIRE pours out a half glass of whiskey and DICK turns while she is still pouring and takes it away from her, recorks it and places it in cash box. From now on quicken the action slightly.



DICK *takes flask in box and locks it.* HARRY *opens suitcase.* TOM *places box in it.* HARRY *slams lid.* TOM *locks suitcase and lifts it.* HARRY *opens trunk.* TOM *places suitcase in trunk and slams lid, and HARRY locks trunk.* TOM and HARRY *carry the trunk back.* *This business, properly done, is good for a hand.* DICK *crosses above table and leaves hat in bunk, then L. of table and sits on front end of it.* DICK *crosses to table L.* HARRY *comes down R. of table.* TOM *down to L. end of couch.* MRS. MAGUIRE *gives JUDY a drink as boys are replacing trunk. All put keys away after reaching positions.* JUDY *coughs.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. You'll feel better soon.

DICK. Poor kid.

TOM. No place to go.

HARRY. I'll punch that fellow's head yet.

DICK. Yes, but what she's going to *do*?

HARRY. Tomorrow——

TOM. Tomorrow?—Tonight—now.

DICK. I wish the "Old Man" were here.

JUDY. (*Rather weakly, lying back on couch*) The "old man." Don't speak of your father like that. 'Tisn't nice.

HARRY. That's right. "Papa" wouldn't like it. (*Boys all snicker.*)

JUDY. You're always having jokes and keeping them to yourselves. That's very stingy. (*She yawns.*)

DICK. Fact is, the "Old Man" isn't our father. He's our guide, philosopher and friend. He lives here too. He's away tonight—but he'll come back tomorrow.

JUDY. And is he so dreadfully old? (*Yawns.*)

HARRY. Oh, very. And stern, you know. Regular cruel uncle—and everything.

JUDY. I see. Will he be angry with me, Doctor? *(To DICK.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. Docther? *(TOM and HARRY point at DICK and snicker.)*

JUDY. *(Anxiously)* What do you think I'd better do? *(Yawns.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. I think ye'd better kape still and I'll fix everything for you.

JUDY. I know you will—you're so kind—and they're such nice boys. *(MRS. MAGUIRE eyes the boys, all smiling.)*

TOM. *(Whispering and beckoning)* Mrs. Maguire—— *(She crosses to him.)* Can't you take care of her?

*(WARN.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. Sure, I cannot. We've one bed in the room, and whin we're both in there one of us has to go outside to turn around.

HARRY. She can't go out again tonight.

DICK. No, she can't. She's dazed.

TOM. Well, she'll have to stay here.

MRS. MAGUIRE. I can't stay up here all night playin' chaperone.

TOM. Oh, *we* can't stay.

HARRY. Where shall we go?

TOM. What does it matter *where* we go?

DICK. Come on, let's tell her she can stay. *(They all go to JUDY. MRS. MAGUIRE above JUDY at head of couch. TOM at foot of couch. HARRY C. DICK left of HARRY.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. She knows it! She's asleep. *(The boys, all looking front, smile broadly. Pause.)* Well, boys, it's up to you. *(The smiles fade. Boys turn slowly up stage. TOM gets his hat from bunk right and comes down to L. end of couch again, looking at JUDY and smiling. While he is doing this, MRS. MAGUIRE gets the afghan off the wall above*

*piano and returns to above couch, looking at TOM, and throws it over JUDY'S legs. TOM'S smile fades. He exits left.)*

*(Meanwhile HARRY gets his hat from bunk right, and DICK gets his, bunk left. These two put them on. DICK, down R. of table, takes up paper plate with three sandwiches left there by MRS. MAGUIRE and starts below table and out. HARRY catches him by the coat-tails, both below table. DICK stops and takes one sandwich off the plate and hands the plate to HARRY. DICK over to door, looking back to JUDY, and exit L. HARRY exit L.)*

*(MRS. MAGUIRE crosses left and presses wall switch above door. Foots, borders and brackets go out. She goes up L. of table and puts out table lamp. Spot out. Goes up to L. end of window and pulls cord closing curtains, but be sure and leave open enough in C. so that spot hits head of JUDY on couch. Crosses to above couch, arranges afghan and starts out left as Slow Curtain.)*

## CURTAIN

## SCENE II

SCENE: *After a wait of ten seconds.*

*The same room at nine o'clock next morning. The room is dark, but daylight shines through crevices in the curtains on the window at back.*

JUDY is still asleep, covered by the Indian blanket and invisible, on the couch right.

JACK enters door left. He carries a dress suitcase. He pauses and looks about as if surprised to find the room dark and no one about. He goes across and places his suitcase on floor in front of table. He goes to the "Griddle" and then to the "Tomb," and finds no one in either bed. He throws open the curtains on the skylight window and the room is flooded with light, warm sunshine from outside. Goes down to couch. JUDY stirs a little, throws off the blanket and sits up facing him. He turns and sees her in surprise. The two stare at each other.

JUDY. (*Sitting up*) Hello! Is it time to get up?

JACK. (*Surprised*) I'll say it is. (*He stares—takes off hat.*)

JUDY. Don't stare. I'm just as much surprised as you are.

JACK. I wonder. Where are the boys?

JUDY. Where did you expect to find them?

JACK. Here, of course.

JUDY. Here—in my room?

JACK. Your room. I'm afraid—I may be wrong, but I'm afraid—we're going to be crowded.

JUDY. Of course it isn't mine for keeps—only last night—and you needn't feel the least embarrassed because you came in without knocking—you didn't know I was here—did you?

JACK. (*Drily*) No. You're news to me. When did you come?

JUDY. (*Lightly*) Last night. You should have been here. We had a gay time. (*She casually rises and walks a step R., and JACK sees her in the Pierrot clothes. He is amazed.*)

JACK. Yes, you must have had a gay time. I'm sorry I missed it.

JUDY. (*Coolly*) And now I'm afraid I'll have to send you away. (*She becomes conscious of the Pierrot suit and drapes the cape about her*) Do you want to leave a message—or anything? (*Front of couch.*)

JACK. Message? (*L. end of couch.*)

JUDY. Yes, would you like to leave word . . . Who shall I say called?

JACK. I'm not calling—I live here.

JUDY. Another one. Nobody said anything about you.

JACK. Well, nobody said anything about you. Would you mind telling me who you are?

JUDY. I'm Judy Drummond.

JACK. (*Ironically*) Oh, that explains everything.

JUDY. Who are you?

JACK. I'm Jack Lethbridge.

JUDY. I'm delighted to know you, Mr. Lethbridge. (*They shake hands. He continues to hold her hand.*) And I'm a bit relieved, too. For a moment I was afraid you might be the old man.

JACK. Were you? (*She nods.*) And who told you about the "Old Man"?

JUDY. The other boys.



JACK. (*Crosses up to bench L., puts hat on bunk—pleased*) Oh—the other boys.

JUDY. Yes—they said we had to look out for him. He must be a cross old patch. I suppose if he found me here he'd raise a row.

JACK. (*Coldly*) Well, he might ask a few questions. (*Comes down c. JUDY on couch.*)

JUDY. (*Apprehensive*) Is he really such a tartar—would he scold?

JACK. Very likely—unless you told him how you happened to come. (*Down center.*)

JUDY. Why, the boys brought me.

JACK. All of them?

JUDY. No—one of them. I was down on the street—he saw me from the window. He just picked me up in his arms and carried me upstairs as if I were a baby . . .

JACK. Carried you upstairs!?

JUDY. Yes, I was out—I mean I was all in. I was hurt on the street.

JACK. (*Amazed*) And you've been here all night?

JUDY. Yes . . . And . . .

JACK. Good heavens! (*MRS. MAGUIRE is heard outside the door, singing and banging the handle of a bucket. JACK seizes JUDY and tosses her on the couch and covers her with the Indian blanket. She struggles to rise, but he covers her with blanket and keeps her on the couch.*) Keep still!!

(*MRS. MAGUIRE enters door left with basket of laundry to hang on roof. Crosses up c.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Casually*) Good morning, Mr. Lethbridge.

JACK. (*Uneasily*) Good morning, Mrs. Maguire.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Sets down basket of laundry up stage near steps, back to audience, while JUDY*

*struggles to get up and JACK sits on her and holds down afghan over head and feet)* Where's that girl? Where is she? *(Comes down c. JUDY gives JACK a shove. He goes to right end of front of couch, and she rolls off front of couch and lands sitting on floor.)*

JUDY. Here I am! *(JACK goes up around R. end of couch to door of China.)* Why did he sit on me and smother me? *(MRS. MAGUIRE left end of couch, JACK down above center of couch.)*

JACK. It's all right, Mrs. Maguire. I can explain all this!

MRS. MAGUIRE. *(Exasperated)* Oh, can you? Where were you last night? *(JACK turns away, embarrassed, upstage and to right.)* How's your head? *(JACK turns—curious.)*

JUDY. *(Feels her head, sits on couch, MRS. MAGUIRE left of JUDY)* I've got a bump the size of a walnut.

JACK. *(Crosses down to her above couch)* Were you hurt?

JUDY. *(Shows her head)* Feel.

JACK. *(Looks at her head)* Who did that?

JUDY. I don't know his name . . .

JACK. Well, the young devil—

MRS. MAGUIRE. How did ye sleep?

JUDY. Splendidly. Till he came in.

MRS. MAGUIRE. You w'u'd—with the booze—*(JACK starts)*—I gave you.

JACK. *(Puzzled, around R. end of couch)* Booze? Well, it must have been quite a party. Where—are—the—boys? *(MRS. MAGUIRE up to kitchen corner L.)*

JUDY. I'm sure I don't know. They were all here when I went to sleep—*(JACK looks at her with a start.)* I suppose they've all crept into their little beds. That's where good little boys go, isn't it—at two or three or four o'clock in the morning?

JACK. But this is their home.

JUDY. Yes, I know. They told me about it.

JACK. They live here and so do I.

JUDY. Of course—and would you just as soon go down to the billiard room awhile?

JACK. (*Amazed*) The billiard room!?

JUDY. (*Points down*) Or the library—or the conservatory—any room but this.

JACK. (*Crossing c.*) There isn't any conservatory—this is the only room we have. The boys sleep in these little cubbyholes—sometimes. (*Crosses to c. and up, back to audience.*)

JUDY. Oh—— (*Realizing the situation*)—and I turned them out. (*JACK sighs, relieved.*) I'm so sorry——

MRS. MAGUIRE. 'Twas a good thing. Every tinant in the house is happy. For once they could slape. (*L. of table.*)

JACK. (*Down center*) Oh, I see; the boys weren't here with—— I mean—— You—they—— (*He pauses, embarrassed.*)

JUDY. Oh!—what did you think . . . What did you think of me?

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Left of table*) Yis—and what did you think of me?

JUDY. (*Indignant on couch*) I was hurt on the street—they brought me in—she was here. Oh! I won't stay here another minute—— (*Rises; picks up cloak.*)

JACK. (*Intercepts her*) You can't go walking in those clothes even in Greenwich Village. I'm sorry. I misunderstood—I apologize. Please forgive me. (*Crosses to JUDY, hands out, front of couch. JUDY tries to be stern—she frowns. MRS. MAGUIRE scowls. JUDY giggles. MRS. MAGUIRE laughs. JACK ditto. All three laugh.*)

JUDY. Oh, it's funny. (*Growing more serious*) Well, what are you going to do with me?

JACK. What am I going to do with you?

JUDY. (*Lightly*) Ambulance or patrol wagon?

JACK. It seems to me the first thing is clothes.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Right you are. (JACK crosses up center.)

JUDY. (*To* MRS. MAGUIRE; *meets her front of table L.*) Lend me some of yours.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Scornfully—front of table*) You'd look nice in my clothes—what we could see of you.

JUDY. (*Giggles*) Uh huh. I'm a figure one. (*She traces a large figure one in the air.*) And you're a figure eight. (*She traces an eight.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. That will do, you. (*She glares at JUDY.*)

JUDY. (*Crosses L. to* MRS. MAGUIRE) Haven't you something downstairs that you've outgrown?

MRS. MAGUIRE. Huh? Well, I'll see if I can find somethin' ye can go home in—for the sake o' me house. (*She goes out, L.*)

(JUDY over to door, looking after MAGUIRE. JACK comes down R. of table and takes tobacco jar, about to fill pipe. JUDY to left of table, kneeling on armchair. He finds there is no tobacco and replaces lid of jar. Looks up and finds JUDY facing him across table.)

JACK. Do you live very far from here?

JUDY. (*L. of table*) Only around the corner. My stepfather keeps a little color shop—we live upstairs. (*She sits up on the left lower end of table.*)

JACK. Well, I'll go over there and get some clothes for you.

JUDY. No, no! My stepfather doesn't know I'm away from home. If he knew, he'd—— Oh, he mustn't find out. (JACK sits upon right corner of

table, beside her. She puts her right hand down on front of table.)

JACK. Doesn't know you're away from home?

JUDY. No. He told me not to go to the party, but I slipped out when he wasn't looking.

JACK. I see, and you stayed out all night. (*On this speech he starts to put his left hand over her right one, tenderly.*) That's a pretty serious thing for a young girl to do. (*Catches himself just in time to stop placing hand on hers, rises from table, stands just right of it. Changes tone to a very business-like one*) And it's a bad matter for those who aid and abet her.

JUDY. (*Disappointed, rises from table and crosses to just right of JACK*) Aid and abet. You ought to be a lawyer.

JACK. I am. (*This stops her and she stands just right of him, back toward him. He steps close behind her.*) And I want to tell you, little girl, this won't do. From now on you must be a good little girl and do as you're told.

JUDY. I'm not told to *do* anything. I'm told not to do things. I can't go anywhere—(*Crossing slowly to center of front of couch*)—or have any friends. They make me do all the work, and I have to dress like a dowdy—and I love pretty things—I do. (*Reads this rather petulantly. Sits on couch, facing R. at end of speech.*)

JACK. Well, for heaven's sake, don't cry! (*To center.*)

JUDY. I will cry!

JACK. (*At extreme left end of couch, above it; puts right knee upon couch*) But you know you have done wrong, don't you?

JUDY. I don't think you are a bit nice to talk to me that way. Let me alone. (*On the last three words she slides along the couch to him and sits leaning right against him*) I'm very unhappy.



JACK. (*Patting her shoulder, very embarrassed*) Now don't you feel bad. (*Plays up embarrassed business for all it is worth during this speech*) Everything will be all right. I'll talk to your stepfather—(*Arms right around her on this, and face close to hers*)—and I'll fix everything for you. (*MRS. MAGUIRE enters left with a loose wash house dress made like a bungalow apron, with a tie string at waist. She pauses when she sees JUDY almost in JACK'S arms. JACK, embarrassed, clears his throat and disengages himself—going up to the window*) She's—feeling rather upset, you know—and—and—

MRS. MAGUIRE. So I see. (*Front of table.*)

JACK. She doesn't want to go home. (*R. of table.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Grimly*) I'm thinking she'd better.

JACK. Oh, yes, of course. (*He starts to put on his hat up at bunk L.*) Now, little one, you must be sensible, you know. I'll go 'round and explain to your stepfather. (*Very business-like tone on this—crossing down right center.*)

JUDY. Well, I can't pay a fee.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Fee, is it—and him doin' law cases for everybody for nothin'—

JACK. Now, Mrs. Maguire—

MRS. MAGUIRE. Ye know it's the truth. The ones that could pay, won't, and them that would—can't. (*She crosses up right of table, leaving dress on kitchen chair; goes behind screen in kitchen corner.*)

JACK. (*Crossing to door left*) Mrs. Maguire will look after you and I'll be back in a jiffy. (*Stops at door*) Where the devil am I going? I mean, what's the number?

JUDY. (*Rises slowly and comes to R. of table with dragging feet, JACK L. of table*) Have you got a pencil? (*He gives her one.*) Got a piece of paper?

(He gives her that from pocket. She writes down address and shoves it across table at him) There! I hope everyone is out. (Turns away a step R., back toward JACK.)

JACK. (Takes up paper, but leaves pencil for business later. Steps down close beside JUDY) Now don't you worry. Everything is going to be—(Pinches downstage cheek)—all right. (Exits left. JUDY over and closes door after him. Turns, leaning against door frame. MRS. MAGUIRE down R. of table, picking up dress.)

JUDY. He's the nicest boy of the lot.

MRS. MAGUIRE. He's a boy—and he don't know it.

JUDY. If he'd only shave . . . He has such a kind voice and lovely eyes.

MRS. MAGUIRE. You get this lovely apron on—(Gives her dress.)

JUDY. You're awfully good. (Kisses MRS. MAGUIRE.)

MRS. MAGUIRE. Stop that.

JUDY. Where'll I go to dress?

MRS. MAGUIRE. Try China. (JUDY goes up. Pauses.)

JUDY. China! (Looks at Chinese bunk and laughs. Goes up and throws apron or dress in bunk. MRS. MAGUIRE picks up drawing-board C. and places it in bunk up left.) My, what untidy boys. They need someone to look after them.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Yis, a cop with a nightstick. (Crosses to couch, above it; picks up afghan and starts to replace it on wall R. Throws it on trunk.)

JUDY. (Patting up pillows on couch) They need a mother.

MRS. MAGUIRE. They're a pack of hyenas, drinking and loafing and throwing their money away on girls. (Picks up pitcher and towel which Doc has put on piano after treating JUDY in Scene I. This

*is placed there when he moves down piano stool.)*

JUDY. Mr. Lethbridge isn't like that, is he?

MRS. MAGUIRE. What's it to you? (*Crossing and putting pitcher and towel on kitchen table behind screen.*) Well, I'll do no more here. Fifteen minutes after I clean up, it's what you see. You can wait here until Mr. Lethbridge comes back—(*Picking up clothes-basket and climbing steps*)—and I'll go on the roof and hang out my clothes. If you want me, come up; if you need me I'll come down. (*On platform outside window*) Get dressed, get dressed, and see that you behave yourself while I'm gone.

(*Exit MRS. MAGUIRE on roof. JUDY goes up to China, back to audience; standing in its doorway, removes blouse; throws it in bunk; is just putting head in dress when door opens and GRIDLEY enters. She squeals and hurries into dress, bunching it up and tying it around waist.*)

GRIDLEY. (*Entering L.I*) So? Here you are! Where were you all last night?

JUDY. (*Down back of couch R.C.*) I was here last night.

GRIDLEY. (*Coming center*) Here, eh? And who lives here?

JUDY. Mr. Lethbridge.

GRIDLEY. And who is Mr. Lethbridge?

JUDY. He's a lawyer!

GRIDLEY. Oh, how nice! And I find you in his room, undressed!

JUDY. I was hurt. He went to tell you.

GRIDLEY. Yes, yes. A chauffeur told me you might be here. He saw you being carried in last night. Drunk, I suppose!

JUDY. (*Front of couch*) But, Father——

GRIDLEY. I'm not your father, and if your mother were alive, she'd be just as ashamed of you as I am.

JUDY. But I've done nothing wrong.

GRIDLEY. Nothing wrong? You stayed out all night, didn't you?

JUDY. Yes, but I——

GRIDLEY. You spent the night in this man's room, didn't you?

JUDY. He wasn't here!

GRIDLEY. How do I know that?

JUDY. None of the boys were here!

GRIDLEY. Boys! How many are there?

JUDY. Four!

GRIDLEY. That's enough! (*Starts for door L.I. Turns L. of table*) You sneak out of the house and spend the night in some strange man's room and then try to tell me you've done no wrong! Hah!

JUDY. Ask Mrs. Maguire. She was here. She put me to bed. (*Calls to window*) Mrs. Maguire!

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Off stage*) What do you want?

GRIDLEY. I wouldn't believe her—or him—or you. You're no good! I'm done with you.

JUDY. You are turning me out!

GRIDLEY. You said it!

(MRS. MAGUIRE enters c. on steps.)

JUDY. Cross shows spot where girl died of joy!

GRIDLEY. You impudent little—— Buy your own bread and butter. You won't find it hard to get.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Go on, get out of here before I throw you downstairs!

GRIDLEY. Did you know this girl was here in this room all night?

MRS. MAGUIRE. Sure I did!

GRIDLEY. All right, you took her in. You're welcome to her. (*At door, turns, speaks to JUDY*) You wait here and I'll bring some of your things. I don't even want you seen around my place any more. (*Exit GRIDLEY left.*)

JUDY. That's me stepfather.

MRS. MAGUIRE. You two are good friends, ain't you?

JUDY. He's turned me out. (*Crosses to table.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. The devil you say!

JUDY. Now what will I do?

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Giving JUDY a shove toward the steps c.*) Go up on the roof and tell me all about it.

JUDY. (*Turning at door on top of steps*) But what will I do?

MRS. MAGUIRE. Leave that to Mr. Lethbridge. He's a lawyer. (*Going off and herding JUDY ahead of her*) It's getting so around this neighborhood it ain't even safe to leave your clothes alone on the roof. (*They disappear left. Pause.*)

(*The door left opens, and TOM puts his head in. He sees the room is empty, enters, very sleepy, and signs the others to come on in. TOM crosses slowly to L. end of couch, takes off his hat and throws it on the trunk R. The force of the throw topples him over and he sprawls full length on couch. Meantime HARRY follows him on and comes to just right of kitchen chair, right of table. He stops and stretches, about to sit. DICK follows HARRY in and, while HARRY is stretching, slips into the chair behind him. HARRY sits and finds himself on DICK's lap. He gets up and takes off his hat, throws it in bunk right and crosses R. to left end of couch; throws TOM's feet to the floor and sits facing*



*front. All three are dead for lack of sleep.*  
*Pause. TOM, HARRY and DICK yawn.)*

DICK. Well, she's gone!

TOM. (*Yawning*) Nice little girl.

HARRY. Pretty, too. (*Short pause. To DICK*)  
Where were you last night?

DICK. Right in the Owl Lunch where you found me. . . . I owe him for eleven hot tomares. . . .  
Where did you go, Tom?

TOM. Listen. (*Sits up*) I walked around . . .  
Central Park four times. (*Falls back on couch, half  
asleep. Be sure to have his left hand down on knee  
near HARRY.*) What became of you?

(JUDY appears at the back.)

HARRY. I went over to Grand Central Station  
and read timetables. I know when every train on  
every road leaves New York. Boys, there's no such  
disease as insomnia. (DICK, HARRY and TOM  
*yawn.*)

JUDY. Oh, I'm so sorry. (*The boys rise, aston-  
ished and speechless.*) It was so sweet of you to  
give me your place—and I feel dreadful because I  
took it.

(DICK rises and takes off hat; turns to face her.

HARRY rises and turns to face her; takes TOM's  
left hand and pulls him to his feet. TOM stands  
there, eyes shut, fast asleep.)

HARRY. Nonsense, it was a lark, wasn't it, boys?  
(*There is no answer. Without looking at him at  
all, he hits TOM in the side. This jars TOM's eyes  
open.*)

TOM. Huge joke. (*He starts to sink on couch  
again. HARRY catches him by the elbow and again*

*pulls him to his feet. TOM rests his left arm on HARRY's left shoulder, HARRY standing back to audience.)*

DICK. I never had so much fun in my life.

JUDY. I'll go up on the roof and let you finish your nap.

DICK. *(To her)* No.

HARRY. *(Steps to her)* Please don't. *(His stepping away spills TOM off his shoulder. TOM recovers balance at end of couch left.)*

TOM. Don't——

HARRY. Please——

DICK. We'll be all right as soon as we've had our breakfast.

JUDY. Haven't you had breakfast?

DICK. Not yet.

JUDY. Neither have I. *(The boys look at each other in acute embarrassment.)*

HARRY. Mrs. Maguire usually gets our breakfast—but—she——

JUDY. I'll get breakfast for you.

HARRY. Will you?

TOM. *(Sinking on L. end of couch)* Oh, joy! Oh, joy!

DICK. Can you cook?

JUDY. Certainly. *(Rolling up her sleeves)* Where's everything? *(The three boys glance at each other in remembrance of the empty larder.)* Where's your gas stove?

HARRY. We have a lovely gas stove. *(He leads her to it, left—DICK to below screen.)*

JUDY. Good! Now, what will we have? *(The boys exchange dismayed looks, while JUDY begins to search for food supplies.)* Here is the coffee. *(Shows canister.)* Where is the bread?

HARRY. *(Clearing his throat)* I don't know. You see, Mrs. Maguire always kept track of those things—and——

JUDY. (*Picks up a container*) Oh, here's something. Shredded codfish. (*Looks in it*) It's empty!

DICK. (*As if surprised*) Is it?

JUDY. All gone.

TOM. (*Lying*) It was full yesterday.

HARRY. It's the Janitor's cat. Climbs in the window, you know—and gobbles everything. (*Down to above TOM on couch. JUDY looks at them and a glimmer of the truth reaches her, but she goes on searching.*)

JUDY. (*Smiles and boys begin to look at each other shamefaced*) You'll have to send out a foraging expedition, and for heaven's sake hurry. The cook is starved. (*She busies herself writing a list of supplies—up left. The boys get together right. They all show empty pockets. DICK crosses to c.*)

DICK. What will we do?

TOM. Is our credit good anywhere?

HARRY. It was never good——

DICK. We must raise some money——

TOM. Quick!

HARRY. It's up to me. (*He picks up his trophy cup and starts L. JUDY down L. of table, making out list of groceries.*)

JUDY. (*Coming forward*) Where are you going with that pretty cup?

HARRY. I'm leaving it at the silversmith's to have it polished.

JUDY. Here's a list. Get these things and the other two can stay and help me. (*She writes the list while the boys are talking at the couch, using the pencil JACK left on table and writing on the back of an envelope. TOM brings the mail in with him at the sleepy entrance and drops it on table as he passes.*)

HARRY. Oh, the other two can stay. (*Crosses*

*left, dropping cup in TOM's lap as he passes him.)*  
You go, Tom.

TOM. *(Handing cup to DICK, who stands left of him)* You go, Dick.

DICK. It's your cup. *(Crosses TOM, handing cup to HARRY.)*

JUDY. Well, somebody go. Toss a coin. *(Back to writing list at table.)*

HARRY. Toss a coin.

DICK. Ah, yes, a coin.

TOM. *(After a pause rises slowly with a bright idea)* Let's draw straws. *(The boys all agree.)*

JUDY. *(Takes straws from broom left)* Here you are—the long straw goes.

HARRY. First——

TOM. No.

DICK. Where do I come in? *(They argue ad lib. as to who shall draw. Boys all to R. of table.)*

JUDY. Company—attention! *(The boys line up and salute. JUDY offers the straws first to DICK, then to TOM, then to HARRY. All draw. They compare.)*

DICK. You broke yours in two. I saw you.

HARRY. I did not. *(Crosses R.C.)*

TOM. You lose, Doc. *(R. of table.)*

HARRY. *(Gives DICK the cup)* Get all you can on it.

JUDY. Yes, get all you can on it. *(All look at her. DICK to door, JUDY R. of him)* It needs polishing. *(The boys all look at each other sheepishly.)*

DICK. All right. *(DICK exits L.)*

JUDY. *(Crossing C. between the two boys. To TOM)* Now you set the table. *(To HARRY)* And you light the gas stove. *(HARRY up to kitchen corner, trying to light stove. TOM still half asleep.)*

TOM. *(Helplessly)* What must I do?

JUDY. Clear off that table and put on a white

cover and the dishes. (TOM begins to take things from table; puts books, etc., in the Tomb, tossing them in recklessly—in bunk R. JUDY goes to HARRY) What's the matter? Won't it light?

HARRY. (*Lighting match*) Something must be wrong at the gasworks. (*He burns his finger and throws down the bit of match.*)

JUDY. (*Sees gas meter*) Oh, you have a coin meter. Let me have a quarter.

HARRY. (*Feels in pocket*) Why, I—I haven't a quarter. Have you, Tom? (TOM just crossing back to R. of table.)

TOM. (*Coolly*) Nothing smaller than a ten-dollar bill.

JUDY. Go change it—hurry. (*Left of table.*)

TOM. (*Confused*) How about the table?

JUDY. (*Determined—indicates HARRY*) Well—he can go—let him have it. (*Takes lamp up to kitchen corner.*)

TOM. (*Searching his pocket—to HARRY C.*) Now what became of that bill?

JUDY. The cat. (*She giggles and the boys snicker.*) I hope Doc gets enough polish on the cup to have a quarter left. Where's your coffee pot? (HARRY rummages around feverishly, followed by JUDY. To HARRY) And you get me some water. (*He grabs water-bucket up in kitchen corner and exits L. TOM finds coffee put under bunk R.*)

TOM. Here it is.

JUDY. (*Left of TOM, takes coffee pot, opens lid, makes a wry face, and hands it back*) Somebody has been using it for a still.

TOM. (*Closing lid*) Trying a little home brew.

JUDY. Wash it out—scald it——

TOM. All right. (*He takes coffee pot and rushes to door left; collides with HARRY, who is coming in with bucket of water.*) Look where you're going!

HARRY. Go where you're looking. Come on in,



the water's fine. (TOM goes out left and HARRY places water-bucket up right.) There you are.

JUDY. Thank you. Now where's your table-cover? (JUDY goes up into kitchen corner.)

HARRY. Table cover? Just a minute. (To bunk R.; takes from it a bed sheet just as JUDY turns from behind screen L.)

JUDY. Put it back!

HARRY. (Throwing sheet back in bunk) I have a clean sheet of white paper. Will that do?

JUDY. Splendidly. (Down L. of table. HARRY goes to bunk L. and takes large sheet of drawing paper from under bunk. They put it on table. HARRY R. of table.) Oh, look at the spot!

HARRY. I'll speak to the laundress about that.

JUDY. Well, get me that funny-looking thing over there. (She takes a cloth and wipes off table, and removes any other objects left, while HARRY rushes R. and gets a large jardiniere from below the piano. It is full of artists' paint brushes. He crosses back above couch, throwing all brushes in bunk R., and places jar on table.) It covers the spot, but it looks rather bare. (Leans over table, kidding) Suppose you go down to the conservatory and pluck a few orchids!

HARRY. Flowers! Wait a minute. (Up steps to platform off window c.)

JUDY. (Above table) Are you going to get some?

HARRY. That all depends on whether the fellow next door is at home or not. (Exits.)

(TOM dashes in left, across front of table, to R. of

JUDY. Hands her coffee pot. Have a duplicate of the soiled, sooty one which was taken out, all spick and span, and with hot coffee in it.)

TOM. Here it is. All clean. (She takes coffee

*pot up to kitchen corner and sets it on stove, opens it and fakes putting in coffee from can.)*

JUDY. Now put the chairs around the table.

TOM. *(Standing behind kitchen chair, R. of table)* Where'll I put this one? *(JUDY speaks from over screen in kitchen corner where she is busy pretending to put the coffee and water in the coffee pot.)*

JUDY. Do you think the Old Man will be here for breakfast?

TOM. He might.

JUDY. Give him the seat of honor at the head of the table. *(TOM very quickly places kitchen chair at upstage end of table. He then takes stool from lower end of table and places it at the downstage end of the right side of the table. Armchair left is left undisturbed.)* I wonder what he'll say when he sees me.

TOM. *(With a broad grin)* He couldn't say anything mean to you, if you just looked at him. *(As he speaks the above line he crosses right above couch, gets piano stool, and comes back to table left, below couch. Places piano stool at upper end of right side of table. IMPORTANT: Be sure to place piano stool far enough out from table to let JUDY get between stool and table in later scene.)*

JUDY. Two more chairs, please. *(TOM starts back right, above couch.)* Anyway, I won't be here for long.

TOM. *(At trunk up right; throws afghan off trunk on floor; speaks this line from there)* Oh, that's too bad. It's been awfully jolly to have you around.

*(HARRY dashes in through the window to c., holding up a small flower pot in which there is a growing ivy plant. As soon as the laugh has registered, TOM starts across left with the steamer trunk. Be sure it is locked. He crosses*

*below couch; places trunk at lower end of table.)*

JUDY. (*Above table*) I see he was at home.

HARRY. (*R. of table*) No, he wasn't. (*JUDY takes plant and laughs as she places it in jar in c. of table, working around to left side of table.*)

HARRY. (*To above table*) I'll have to return it before he gets home.

JUDY. We can't eat with our fingers, you know—knives, forks, spoons, plates, cups, saucers.

(*As she says this HARRY goes up to kitchen corner.*

TOM to R. side of piano stool, R. of table.

HARRY brings down a box the size of a twenty-four-bottle whiskey case. It should have the whiskey label painted prominently on the side. For convenience, fasten a handle on each side of this box. He gets the box from under the kitchen table. In the box are one small stein, one shaving mug, one bouillon cup with two handles, one tin cup, one demi-tasse, and two odd cups. Two groups of cutlery, placed at separate sides of box so that TOM may hand them out easily on cue. One group of cutlery consists of three knives and three forks of assorted cheap table and kitchen variety; the other group consists of one carving knife and fork, one toasting fork, one bread knife, one batter spoon, and one long skewer. HARRY sets the box on the piano stool and stands above table, speaking like a side-show barker. On the words "unique" and "variegated," TOM hands to JUDY, who laughs and places it on table. TOM hands him second group, which he puts down, and then TOM piles out the cups one at a time on lower end of table. HARRY is talking all the time.)

HARRY. (*In ballyhoo fashion*) Ladies and gentlemen—for the small sum of one dime I will show you the most unique and variegated collection of cutlery, tableware—cut glass—broken glass, pewter, steel, copper and tin ever used on any one table. (*He and TOM begin to pile articles on the table. TOM brings out a stein and a beer glass. HARRY brings out a tumbler and a wine glass.*)

JUDY. (*Looks at stein—reads inscription*) “Stolen from Hofbrau beer garden.” Oh! ! ! !

HARRY. It’s no good to him now. (*TOM digs down and brings up a shaving mug.*)

JUDY. What barber shop lost that?

TOM and HARRY. (*Together*) I bought that . . . (*Both stop, embarrassed.*)

JUDY. My, but you work well together. (*All laugh. TOM takes box and replaces it under kitchen table, and back to place R. of table. Do this quickly to get out of HARRY’S way.*) Any plates?

HARRY. Why, of course. Will you have the breakfast set or the banquet set?

TOM. Let’s give her both. (*HARRY brings from kitchen table a pile of six assorted plates, on top of which are salt and pepper shakers and a silver sugar bowl. Sets them in front of JUDY.*)

JUDY. (*Picks up sugar bowl; reads inscription*) “Pennsylvania Railroad.” I suppose this was tired of traveling.

HARRY. No. I’ll tell you the truth. We needed it.

JUDY. (*Throws up her hands and turns away from him*) Napkins?

TOM. What did you do with the napkins, Harry? (*A slight pause, then JUDY crosses below table to R.C.,*)

JUDY. (*Calling*) Kitty, kitty, kitty! (*Boys laugh. Clatter off L.*)

TOM. Doc’s back!

(DICK bursts into the room carrying a pound box of butter, a box of bacon, a tin of tobacco, a carton of eggs, and a long French loaf of bread loosely rolled in paper. TOM crosses back of JUDY to her R. DOC to R., front corner of table. HARRY down L. of table. JUDY R. of DICK.)

TOM, HARRY and JUDY. Got a quarter? (DICK starts to reach for it.)

JUDY. Don't drop the eggs! (He straightens up. She takes packages one by one as she names them, and hands them to TOM) Bread, butter, bacon—(TOM goes up left to kitchen corner, leaving bread on upper end of table as he passes. Puts other things on kitchen table)—eggs and tobacco. (These JUDY keeps. To upper R. corner of table; puts down tobacco.)

HARRY. Let me have a quarter quick. (DICK gives HARRY a quarter. DICK across front of stage to couch and flops on it, tired out. TOM across upper stage to end of couch. HARRY up left of table and puts quarter into gas meter.)

TOM. You didn't hurry, did you?

DICK. Not at all. (JUDY up to kitchen corner and lights gas stove, and as she goes, takes paper off bread.)

HARRY. Now what can I do? I know, I'll cut the bread.

TOM. No, let me! (They each grab an end of the bread and are tugging at it across stage. JUDY down above table, between them, takes bread away.)

JUDY. Stop it! You are stretching that bread!

DICK. (Scated) Now what can I do to help you?

TOM and HARRY. Can I help? No, let me.

JUDY. Yes, all of you.

OMNES. What? (Etc.)

JUDY. You can all take a nap.

TOM. But I can't go to sleep.

JUDY. Don't you know better than to argue with your cook?

HARRY. (*Crossing up to his bunk left, taking off coat*) We lost one cook, you silly cuckoo. Dry up and do as you're told. (*DICK up to his bunk right.*)

TOM. But I'm not sleepy. (*JUDY picks up a long knife and TOM runs into China. Pause. All boys in bunks.*)

HARRY. Dick, Dick!

DICK. What?

HARRY. Do you like your toast well done or rare?

DICK. Shut up!

JUDY. The next one who speaks shan't have any coffee! (*DICK pulls his curtains together. HARRY drops awning on his bunk. JUDY starts to cut bread.*)

JACK. (*Enters L.I; stops in astonishment as he sees the table*) Well, what the—— (*Hangs up hat R., above door.*)

JUDY. Ssh! They had no sleep last night, poor boys. I'm getting breakfast. Here's a place for you.

JACK. (*Crossing to R.C., below table*) No, thanks. I've had mine. Your stepfather wasn't at home.

JUDY. (*Above table, slicing bread*) Oh, he was here.

JACK. Here! What did he say?

JUDY. Oh, he said some terrible things to me. He's gone home to pack up my clothes.

JACK. Pack up your clothes? What for?

JUDY. He's thrown me out.

JACK. But he can't do that——

JUDY. Oh, he has. But I don't mind.

JACK. You're the most extraordinary girl! You haven't the faintest idea what you are going to do——



JUDY. Yes, I have. I am going to eat my breakfast.

JACK. (*R. of piano stool, close to it*) Of all the fanciful, impractical——

JUDY. (*Left of piano stool, sliding in right under his face, looking up teasingly*) Don't you like me?

JACK. Like you? Here you are facing the city with no home, no friends.

JUDY. I have the boys—and you. You'll think of something. You're clever. (*To kitchen corner.*)

JACK. Clever? ! I haven't an idea! (*Pauses; crosses R.I.*) I have it.

JUDY. (*Out to above table*) I knew you would.

JACK. My sister. She can look after you for a day or so until I settle this with your stepfather. I'll call her up right now. (*Crosses to door L.*)

JUDY. Better wait and have a cup of coffee.

JACK. No, thanks. I'll be back in a jiffy!

JUDY. (*Down R. of table*) I hope you get back before the Old Man gets here.

JACK. I promise you shan't see the Old Man until I come back. (*Exits.*)

(*JUDY crosses over and closes door softly behind him; turns away, smiling. There is a slight pause. The loud, insistent ringing of a bell is heard up L.—NOTE: In HARRY's bunk have an electric bell, on a board with battery, and push button; he rings it on cue.—JUDY rushes up and picks up alarm clock on floor beside HARRY's bunk, shaking it and saying, "Ssh! Ssh!" Bell stops. She sets it down.*)

HARRY. (*Sticking his head out under his awning*) Wrong number!

DICK. Is breakfast ready?

JUDY. (*Up in kitchen corner*) Yes, so sit down, all of you.

(TOM comes silently out of China, eyes most closed; stumbles down between couch and modelling stand and across stage, and sits on trunk below table, back to audience. HARRY down L. of table and sits in armchair. JUDY comes out of kitchen with coffee pot. DICK holds piano stool politely for her. She sits and he pushes the stool in a bit.)

HARRY. Sit down, Sir Walter Raleigh.

TOM. And pass the bread.

(JUDY seated R. of table. DICK sits above it in kitchen chair. They start to talk, and JUDY is pouring coffee as MRS. MAGUIRE enters on platform above window L., goes right as if to pass right on; sees them, turns in doorway of window.)

MRS. MAGUIRE. What the devil are ye up to now? (JUDY rises and up to her, R. of window. TOM pours stein of coffee and then finishes pouring for three boys.)

JUDY. I thought I'd help you and get breakfast for the boys.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Oh, ye did. Well, give me a cup of coffee. (Enters down R. of table. TOM starts to pull out stool for her.) Huh! (Crosses R. and sits on couch.)

JUDY. Two lumps?

MRS. MAGUIRE. If you please. (JUDY takes her stein of coffee. MRS. MAGUIRE looks at the stein and holds it up as if to say, "Prosit," throws lid back, starts to drink, and pretends to blow foam off. Drinks.) Glory be! Why don't you get a job as a cook? (JUDY to right of table with sudden thought.)

JUDY. (*Pauses, struck by an idea*) Why not? Boys, you need a cook! Can I have the job?

TOM. Can she have the job?

TOM, DICK and HARRY. She can! ! !

MRS. MAGUIRE. Hould on. I've something to say. D'ye think I'll have talk in the house with a fool trick like that? No, sir . . . No! ! !

JUDY. Oh, please, Mrs. Maguire; only listen. (*Crosses to MRS. MAGUIRE*) You can't do the work for the boys and they need a woman to get their meals.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Yis—a woman—not a kid——

JUDY. Well, I can feed them and keep their place tidy. I can do the work—and I *do* need the money.

MRS. MAGUIRE. You'll get no money——

JUDY. Oh, yes, I will——

MRS. MAGUIRE. They owe me for three weeks.

JUDY. They'll pay you—I'll see to that.

MRS. MAGUIRE. They'll pay *neither* of us——

JUDY. What, these nice boys, not pay us what they *owe* us? We'll both get every *cent*—(*To boys*)—*won't* we?

TOM, DICK and HARRY. Yes—certainly—of course! (*Etc., ad lib.*)

JUDY. See there—they'll pay every cent.

MRS. MAGUIRE. And what do you think the neighbors will be sayin' . . . ?

JUDY. (*Desperately*) I'll live downstairs with you—I know you can find me a little corner to sleep in—*somewhere*. And when they've all gone out for the day, I'll clean up.

MRS. MAGUIRE. They niver go out. They raise the divil all night and slape all day.

JUDY. (*Firmly*) No. They'll keep *quiet* from *now on*. They'll be in *bed* by *twelve o'clock*—and *out* every morning at *nine*. *Won't* you?

HARRY. Eight——

DICK. Seven——

TOM. I don't care if I *never* sleep . . .

JUDY. And I'll help you with your work around the house—and everything will be so nice. You'll see. (*The promises the boys have made have made an impression on MRS. MAGUIRE, and JUDY's proffered aid has its advantages.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. Ye might watch the furnace for me evenings once in a while so I could go to the movies.

JUDY. I love a furnace. (*A pause. MRS. MAGUIRE reflects. JUDY sits L. of MRS. MAGUIRE.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Rises; crosses C.*) Listen to me—ye young villains—if I say “yes”—— (*They start to rise and talk.*) Shut up. I haven't said it yet. (*They sink back into their places.*) If I say yes, will you behave yourselves? (*The following three speeches spoken together.*)

DICK. Sure.

HARRY. You bet your life!

TOM. You know we will.

JUDY. You'll find me a little corner somewhere. Your husband won't object. (*R. of MRS. MAGUIRE.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. If he does I'll brain him. Here, give me another cup of coffee. (*Crosses below JUDY to sit on couch again. JUDY over to R. of table to pour another stein of coffee.*)

JUDY. Now, who's going to tell the Old Man? (*Dead pause. The three boys' coffee cups are heard to clink down on the table, one after the other. They rise. HARRY up left. DICK up to front of bunk right. TOM up onto steps center. JUDY takes stein of coffee to MRS. MAGUIRE right.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. I knew it wouldn't do.

TOM. He'll *never* say yes——

DICK. Never!

HARRY. He doesn't care about girls anyhow, you know——

JUDY. (*Anxiously*) Oh, *don't* you think I can have the situation?

MRS. MAGUIRE. It's up to the Old Man. (*Distant door slam, off left*) And that's him.

DICK. Let's go!

(*TOM out window, followed by HARRY. DICK starts to go and then rushes back and takes his cup of coffee with him. JUDY stands, rather discouraged, facing R. Pause.*)

JACK. (*Entering left*) My sister wasn't at home.

JUDY. Oh, it's only Mr. Lethbridge.

MRS. MAGUIRE. That's the Old Man!

JUDY. What?—He's the Old Man? (*With the utmost confidence, crossing left to below JACK*) Then everything is all right. (*During next speech JUDY seats JACK in armchair L. of table, takes his hat off his head and hangs it on rack, and goes above table and to right of it, facing him across table and pouring him coffee*) Don't be angry because I was saucy—I didn't know you were the "old man," and I think it's very rude of them to call you that. Why, you don't look a bit old . . . (*JACK warms a little.*) I want to tell you, Mrs. Maguire has a wonderful idea.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Huh?

JUDY. You see, I've no place to go, and no work—so I'm going to live with *her*. Isn't that *nice*? Have a cup of coffee. (*She edges him into a chair and quickly pours him a cup of coffee*) Mrs. Maguire says I make good coffee. (*He sips his coffee and at once likes it. Eyes it with favor and drinks.*) I'd have made some toast—I will for breakfast tomorrow. (*JACK, about to drink, puts down his cup and looks at her.*)

JACK. Tomorrow?

JUDY. Yes, you see, I'm going to live with Mrs.

Maguire, and help her, and if she's too tired or too busy—why, I can clean up—and get your breakfast, or your dinner.

JACK. You——? I'm afraid that won't do.

JUDY. It's all right for Mrs. Maguire to have some one to help her—isn't it? Have a piece of bread. (*Hands him half a loaf of French bread.*) Of course, if you say you don't think I can do the work, Mrs. Maguire won't let me come, but I do need the work, and I do need the money. Oh, won't you say yes?

JACK. I'd like to—I wish I could—but we can't let you come here—it can't be done. Sorry. (*Up stage left.*)

JUDY. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

MRS. MAGUIRE. I knew it.

JUDY. (*Crossing R.C.*) I don't know what I'm going to do. I haven't any money—any friends, no work——

(GRIDLEY appears in the door with bundle of clothes, throws them on trunk in front of table, standing left of it.)

GRIDLEY. (*Throwing down bundle*) Here are some of your clothes. My wife is packing your trunk. Send for it soon or I'll throw it out in the street. That's all. (*Turns to go.*)

JACK. Oh, wait a minute. You're not going to turn this child out. (*Down right of table.*)

GRIDLEY. Child . . . She's twenty. She knows her way about.

JACK. She's twenty, eh—only twenty—then she's not of legal age. It's up to you to take care of her.

GRIDLEY. Oh, you're Lethridge, the fellow they call the poor man's lawyer.



JACK. Now will you take her home or will I haul you into court and make you?

GRIDLEY. *(Pause)* I don't want to go to court. I'll take her home. Come on. *(Step left. JUDY right of JACK.)*

JUDY. I don't want to go with him. I'm afraid of him.

JACK. What are you afraid of?

*(WARN.)*

JUDY. He thinks I have done wrong. He doesn't believe me, and he'll punish me.

GRIDLEY. You're not of legal age. I have a right to punish you. Your lawyer insists that I take you home—— Come on!

JACK. No, no. Wait a minute.

GRIDLEY. Will she come with me or will I haul her to court and make her?

*(JACK shows that he is beaten legally and turns a step upstage. JUDY steps up on a line with him.)*

JUDY. No, no, don't send me back to him. I can take care of myself if he'll just give me my mother's money.

JACK. Your mother's money? What about your mother's money?

JUDY. He says he can't give it to me.

JACK. *(To JUDY)* Is that so!

GRIDLEY. *(At door; opens it)* Come on.

JACK. *(Below table)* Wait a minute. I'm curious about this money, and I'm doubtful about you. When her mother died did she leave a will? Did any Court appoint you Executor or Administrator?

GRIDLEY. That's none of your business.

JACK. I'll make it my business. I'm going to represent this girl. Answer me.

GRIDLEY. It's up to you to prove I have no rights.

JACK. It's up to you to prove that you have. You're only her step-father, you haven't a shadow of a claim on her. I'll have a court put her in the care of the next of kin, appoint a guardian. I'll adopt her myself. You'd better get out of here. *(Takes a threatening step toward GRIDLEY, who slinks out left. JACK gets in front of chair left of table.)*

JUDY. Did you mean that?

JACK. Mean what?

JUDY. That you are going to adopt me?

JACK. Of course I did.

JUDY. Then you'll have to let me stay! *(JACK sinks into a chair. Ring a medium curtain on this. JUDY goes on talking as it falls)* Come on, boys. It's all right! He says I can stay! *(Up steps calling to boys.)*

*(As the curtain rises again the boys all rush in. TOM to below table. MAGUIRE above TOM, JUDY next, HARRY above JACK and DICK above table.)*

Company call.

Three boys.

Judy, Jack and Maguire.

CURTAIN

## ACT II

**SCENE:** *The setting shows the following changes.*

*Cretonne covers in both bunks on stage. Cretonne curtains about door Left. Cretonne curtains and valance on big window up stage. Cretonne table cover left, couch cover right, and piano scarf right. China is unchanged. Curtains on bunks unchanged. New shades on bracket lights, handsome new shade on table lamp, which is on table, pretty scarf thrown over screen, cretonne curtains on kitchen cabinet on wall left. The room is now clean and very neat.*

**AT RISE:** *JACK is seated in a new big leather arm-chair which has replaced kitchen chair R. of table L. He is in his shirt sleeves, smoking his pipe, coat hanging on screen up L. Studying a legal brief.*

*Match stand and ash tray on table left, also on piano R.*

*The modelling stand is now above piano where steamer trunk was placed in first act. On stand is a small model in clay of JUDY in the Pierrot costume, resting or reclining position. On piano is a cheap vase filled with yellow forsythia. On table left is an empty vase. Tea wagon up in front of bunk left, with cups and service for five. The teapot, filled and ready, should be in kitchen corner.*

*Crayon or charcoal sketch of JUDY in costume in bunk left. In bunk R. three large drawings;*

*on same are piled one whiskey bottle, one gin bottle, one cowbell, four paint brushes, six tubes of paint, one paper beer container, one empty broken candy box. Separately placed in this bunk are the medical book from Act I, a pint milk bottle, a necktie, a cigar box, and a shaving mug with brush and safety razor in it.*

*On table Left a cigar box. On lower end of piano a tambourine.*

*When the curtain rises, JACK is discovered beside table reading a blue-covered legal document, possibly a contract. There is a knock at the door.*

JACK. (*Seated L. of table*) Come in. (MRS. MAGUIRE *comes in door left.*) Is that you, Judy?

MRS. MAGUIRE. It is not. (JACK *looks up, and though he betrays a slight disappointment, he conceals it from her. He rises.*)

JACK. Oh, good afternoon, Mrs. Maguire. Won't you sit down?

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Goes up L. of table, looking around; crosses to right and sits on couch*) Thank ye. (*She sighs heavily.*) I'm out o' the habit o' climbin' them stairs since Judy came, an' it makes me puff. (*She glances around*) An' will ye look at the *place*? All in one month, too. Every time I come in, I get an eyeful.

JACK. (*Laughing*) Even when I see it, I can't believe it. Judy is a clever youngster.

MRS. MAGUIRE. She's bewitched my husband. He's quit chasin' after bootleggers.

JACK. (*Laughing*) Her influence has been wonderful for the boys. You'd think she *owned* them.

MRS. MAGUIRE. I'm thinkin' she *does*.

JACK. She's like a mother and a sister—and——

MRS. MAGUIRE. Yis—we're all goin' to miss her when she goes away.

JACK. (*Startled*) When she goes away. Is she going to *leave*? (*Crosses to R. end of couch.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. She *is* that.

JACK. (*Puzzled*) Why, she hasn't said anything to *me*.

MRS. MAGUIRE. She don't know it yet.

JACK. (*Earnestly*) Why, what's the trouble, Mrs. Maguire? (*He goes to her and sits left of her on couch*) I hope there hasn't been any gossip—in the house.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Gossip? I'd *like* to see the scut that w'u'd whisper a word against her.

JACK. Well, then—what *is* it?

MRS. MAGUIRE. It's—the *boys*.

JACK. Oh, come, now—these fellows are decent chaps. (*Rises, crosses in front of her to piano R.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. Of *course* they are and they're all in love with her.

JACK. In love with her—all of them?

MRS. MAGUIRE. The whole crew.

JACK. Why, *I* didn't know——

MRS. MAGUIRE. Ye w'u'dn't wid your nose always stuck in a paper.

JACK. (*Crosses above L.; puts hat on*) Well, after all, what's the harm? Every boy has to fall in love—and out again—over and over. It's like the measles, and the mumps.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Divil a bit I bother about the *boys*. The trouble is, *she's* in love with *wan* of *thim*.

JACK. (*Greatly concerned*) Judy in love with one of the boys? (*Comes down c.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. I'll stake my life on it. I know the symptoms. I've had *thim*—when I was a colleen.

JACK. (*Anxiously*) Are you—sure?

MRS. MAGUIRE. Positive. And the close mouth of her. From Thursday morning till Friday night, I laid meself out to find out which one it is. D'ye

think I could pump a thing out of her? Thirty-six hours of third degree and not a whisper.

JACK. I wonder which one it is.

MRS. MAGUIRE. For all I know, it may be you.

JACK. Me? Oh, come—don't be ridiculous.  
(*Up to window c.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. I never thought of it before—but it could happen.

JACK. (*Turns*) Nonsense. She makes fun of me all the time. Calls me "old man"—laughs at my beard. (*Shakes head—sits R. of table*) No chance for me.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Chance. D'ye want a chance? Have you gone crazy over her like the rest of the boys? (*Rises and over R. of JACK.*)

JACK. Certainly not.

MRS. MAGUIRE. I believe ye have.

JACK. Nonsense. Let's get back to Judy. Suppose she is in love with one of the boys—why do you think she should go away?

MRS. MAGUIRE. Oh, Mr. Lethbridge, it won't do. It's been mighty nice to have her—but we were foolish, you and I, to let her stay. These boys are good friends yet—but *wait*—in another month they'll be throwin' each other down the fire-escape.

JACK. But she can't be in love with *all* of them.

MRS. MAGUIRE. She oughtn't to love *anny* of them—it's all wrong. (*Takes a step up center, thinking, then turns and comes down to upper end of table*) Here's these two boys sculpin' an' paintin'. They're poor. They can just about pay their own bills. How can either of them keep a wife? (*To chair left of table; sits facing JACK across table*) Here's Doc. It'll be ten years before he'll have a practice. I don't want to see her spoil her life. It isn't serious—*yet*. As ye say—a boy gits over puppy love and she's *young*. Let's send her away before she's made unhappy.



JACK. I see. (*He rises*) Perhaps you're right. (*He goes thoughtfully up to window*) I'll think it over.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Rises and to door left*) Well, don't waste any time about it. (*Hand on knob of door, suddenly remembers. Turns back*) Oh, I have a message for ye. (*Crosses in front of table and sits chair R. of table on end of speech*) Your sister was here looking for you today while you were out.

JACK. (*Down R. of her*) My sister—really?

MRS. MAGUIRE. True for you. Mrs. Hunter-Madison, in her Rolls Royce, with her chauffeur and her footman in a million dollars' worth of livery.

JACK. I never expected her to come here. (*She gives him a quick look.*) I mean, she and my father want me to go into his office and—— What was the message?

MRS. MAGUIRE. I told her you were not at home. "I'll come back later," says she. "Tell him to wait."

JACK. (*R. to below couch*) I wonder what she meant.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*R. to just L. of him—seriously*) I'm told she's interested in young girls, so here's your chance to help Judy. Get your sister to take her away—and *do* somethin' for her.

JACK. Do you think that would be for Judy's happiness?

MRS. MAGUIRE. I think it would be for the *best*. (*Uneasily*) I hope she hasn't promised anny of them . . .

JACK. I'll find out.

MRS. MAGUIRE. I'll *help* ye.

(JUDY enters L. Carries the silver cup, wrapped in paper, and a box of tea biscuit to in front of table. Stops in front of table on first speech. Lays packages down. Takes off hat and places

*it and small handbag on table. She is dressed simply, but the general effect is very fetching. When she sees the other two she pauses.)*

JUDY. Oh, hello. (*To MRS. MAGUIRE*) I didn't know you were up here. (*MRS. MAGUIRE crosses up c. To JACK*) And I didn't know you were home yet. (*She places the package on the table*) I hope I'm not interrupting a conversation. (*JACK and MRS. MAGUIRE dissent ad lib.: "Oh, no, no," etc.*) If you were talking about *me*, I'll go out and give you a chance to finish. (*Takes box of biscuit up to kitchen corner.*)

JACK. (*Guiltily*) Why, we weren't talking about you. (*Crosses R.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. No. Why should we talk about you? Will ye luk at the *clothes* of her. (*Sits R. of table—down R.*)

JUDY. You can't expect a lady to preside at afternoon tea in the clothes she wears to scrub the kitchen. (*She goes up*) Will you excuse me just a moment? (*Behind screen; takes table lamp up to kitchen corner*) I want to put the kettle on.

JACK. (*Below couch*) Will you have a cup of five o'clock tea, Mrs. Maguire?

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Calmly*) What do you think I came *up* for?

JUDY. (*Coming from behind screen*) The rint. (*JACK sits on couch, facing front.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. Ye saucy baggage.

JUDY. And if you don't get it, you'll turn us all into the street at half past six to the minute.

MRS. MAGUIRE. I will, too. And you'll be the first to go.

JUDY. Maybe when she's had a cup of tea—(*She winks obviously at JACK*)—she won't be so hard-hearted. (*She goes behind screen.* MRS. MAGUIRE looks around after JUDY, whose back is turned,

*crosses right to above couch, and sits on it, back to audience, speaking to JACK quietly.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. Notice—?

JACK. *(Apart to MRS. MAGUIRE)* Yes. She looks very nice.

MRS. MAGUIRE. *(To JACK)* Too nice. She means business.

*(JUDY comes from behind screen wheeling a little tea wagon, on which is a pretty tea set, cups, saucers, spoons, sugar bowl and cream pitcher, a plate of biscuit, etc. As she starts forward with this, HARRY enters left. He is dressed in the latest mode. Throws hat on rack R. above door; has a candy box tied with ribbon in his left hand coat pocket.)*

HARRY. Hello, everybody. *(JUDY above tea wagon, which she has placed right of armchair.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. How are ye, Hercules?

HARRY. Tres bien. Comment vous porte vous?  
*(HARRY crosses right to left of MRS. MAGUIRE and a little above her. Mispronounce this French.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. Stop gabbling that home-made French. *(Maliciously)* I know where you got it—what's her name Babette—that little French model who used to hang around here. *(JUDY steps between the table and the armchair. There must be just space to pass through, and sits in armchair right of table.)*

HARRY. *(Uneasily)* I haven't seen Babette for a month. *(Quickly to change to the subject)* How's the old man?

JACK. Older than ever. *(He goes up to R. and places pipe on piano.)*

HARRY. Oh, by the way . . . Judy. *(HARRY is just turning to JUDY with his hand on the candy box.)*

TOM. (*Bursting in the door*) Hello—— (*Suddenly sees the others, loses his enthusiasm and finishes lamely*) —everybody. (*HARRY steps up c., back to audience, and over to L.C. upstage. TOM turns as he speaks the last word, hanging his hat on rack above door. He also carries a gift for JUDY, which he puts behind his back, carrying it in his right hand, to hide it from HARRY, and so exposing it directly to audience. It is a large bunch of violets.*)

JUDY. And how are you this evening, Michael Angelo?

TOM. (*Lamely*) I didn't know you all—that is, I didn't expect—— (*As he says this he crosses R. to R. of tea wagon, facing JUDY. This brings him back to MRS. MAGUIRE, who sees the violets, throws both hands in air, laughing, and motions to JACK to see it. JACK upstage to c.*)

HARRY. (*Above table, sarcastically*) Aren't you home a little early this evening?

TOM. I never get home ahead of you.

(*JUDY giggles surreptitiously. JACK and MRS. MAGUIRE look at each other. DICK enters L.—also “dressed up.” He carries a book, unwrapped.*)

DICK. Hello, Judy. I got this—because you said—— (*He sees the others; turns front, L. of table*) Oh—hello.

JUDY. (*Mischievously, crosses to DICK*) Is that something for me? (*She holds out her hand and DICK gives her the book.*) I love Kipling.

DICK. (*Rather embarrassed*) Oh, it isn't anything—you said you liked 'em, and I just happened to see it.

JUDY. It's lovely—thank you, Doc. (*Doc turns and hangs up hat. HARRY joins JACK up c.*) What

are you hiding there, Tom? (*She calmly reaches behind him and takes flowers*) Oh, how sweet! (*She is in front of tea wagon.*)

TOM. They're for the table—at dinner.

JUDY. (*Reads card tied to flowers*) "For a good little chef." (*TOM is embarrassed; crosses up and joins DICK at screen.*) That's awfully thoughtful of you. It isn't everybody that sends flowers to the cook. (*She puts flowers in vase on table. TOM is acutely embarrassed—lights cigarette.*) What's that in your pocket, Harry? (*She points to HARRY's pocket.*)

HARRY. (*Bluffing, coming down c., looking in R. hand coat pocket. She turns him around*) In my pocket——

JUDY. Yes. This one. (*Takes out candy*) This.

HARRY. Oh—that?

JUDY. (*Reads inscription*) "Sweets to the Sweet." It must be for Mrs. Maguire.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Scornfully*) Huh!!

JUDY. Then it must be for me. (*Crosses to below table and puts candy box there. Takes up wrapped cup and tears away a corner of the paper as she speaks. Turns back and hands it to HARRY, who is standing c.*) And now see what I brought home today. (*JACK and the boys all watch her as she takes from its wrappings the trophy cup which was pawned.*)

HARRY. My cup!! Judy, you're a brick. (*He takes cup and fondles it; throws paper on floor. MRS. MAGUIRE and JACK exchange looks and nod.*) Back to home and father! (*He drops wrapping paper on floor.*)

TOM. (*Betraying envy*) It's a shame to have you spend your money on us.

DICK. (*To HARRY*) I should think you'd be ashamed to take it.

HARRY. (*Sharply*) Oh, I say—— (*He pauses*)

But the boys are right, Judy. It's a shame for you to spend your money——

JUDY. (*Calmly*) My money? You don't think I got it out, do you? The balance of last week's household money paid the ransom. (*Sits R. of table.*)

HARRY. (*A little disappointed*) Oh—good. (*TOM and DICK are cheered.*) That's all right, then.

JUDY. And now let's have tea. (*TOM sits on stool below lower end of table. DICK sits L. of table.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Scornfully*) The idea of you divils comin' home to drink tay, like a lot of lounge lizards.

HARRY. But I *love* tea—— (*Crosses above couch and sits on upper end of table.*)

TOM. So do I——

DICK. We *all* love it.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Hah!! I just want to see you drink it. (*JACK comes down R. of JUDY. She hands him two cups of tea. He crosses R., gives one to MAGUIRE and goes over and sits in chair below piano R.*)

JUDY. There.

(*TOM drops ashes on the floor from the cigarette he is smoking. JUDY says nothing; simply looks at ashes. She begins to pour tea. TOM rushes up L. near screen and comes down with dustpan and brush. He begins to take up ashes. HARRY sees paper on floor which covered his cup. He picks it up. DICK looks about to see what he can do; finds nothing to clean up. TOM and HARRY go up and dispose of their paper and ashes. MRS. MAGUIRE and JACK watch this and exchange looks with each other. JACK gives MRS. MAGUIRE a cup of tea and takes one for himself.*)



JUDY. Here's your tea, boys. (*She gives each one of them a cup as they crowd about her, and takes one for herself*) How's the work going, Michael? (TOM, *returning from replacing dustpan and brush, throws cushion from top of stool on floor and sits on it, cross-legged, almost at JUDY's feet.*)

TOM. Remember that clay model I started of you the night you came? (*She nods.*)

DICK. I don't see how you could forget it. You've shown it to her fifty times.

TOM. I showed it to Lester—he's a sculptor, a way up man—and he *knows*. He says if I can get it out of the rough and do it in marble, it will make me.

JUDY. Really——?

HARRY. (*Promptly*) Now isn't that *odd*? I worked out that little sketch I made of you.

DICK. You haven't done anything else, for a month.

HARRY. And our instructor says it will be a first-class piece of work—if I'll finish it.

JUDY. Oh, would it? Would it help you any—if I posed for you?

HARRY. For *me*. (*She looks at HARRY, smiling. TOM puts one hand upon arm of her chair. She turns to him, smiling.*)

JUDY. For both of you. (*MRS. MAGUIRE starts to her feet and runs round L. end of couch, below it and to R. to JACK, seating herself on piano stool.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. It must be one of thim *two*——

JACK. (*To MRS. MAGUIRE*) Yes. I think you're *right*. But *which* one?

JUDY. I'll be glad to pose for you. It will save you money for a model—and I'm sure Mrs. Maguire won't mind being chaperone while the tea lasts. The light's good . . . isn't it?—and we've an hour before dinner—— (*Rises and up c. HARRY*

*up to bunk and gets out sketch. TOM over R., above couch, and moves modelling stand out to original position.)*

DICK. It's a shame to tire you out——

JUDY. Nonsense. It's a good excuse to take a nap. Oh, by the way, Doc—if you'll let me have that thesis you want typed, I'll copy it for you tonight. *(Back to chair and sits.)*

DICK. Oh, thank you—but I don't want to trouble you.

JUDY. No trouble. I can do fifty words a minute now. *(HARRY C. He and TOM very jealous.)*

DICK. *(Delighted)* Oh, thank you!

HARRY. It's a shame for you to work all day and sit up all night hammering on a typewriter.

JUDY. It will only take me an hour. *(JACK and MRS. MAGUIRE exchange a look which says they give up, and JUDY slyly makes a grimace at MRS. MAGUIRE. Then she turns and looks at boys, who are not drinking tea)* Don't you like the tea today?

*(Following lines spoken together.)*

HARRY. Oh, yes. *(He drinks, seizing the cup from table; back to original position above table, leaving drawing in bunk.)*

TOM. It's lovely. *(He drinks, puts pillow back on stool and sits on stool again.)*

DICK. Delicious. *(He gulps it. Evidently the tea burns HARRY'S mouth, and TOM chokes a little, while DICK feels heat in his midriff, but they bluff it out, concealing all this.)*

HARRY. Another cup. *(Holds out cup. TOM, not able to speak, coughs and holds out cup.)*

DICK. Me, too. *(Holds out cup. JUDY pours more.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*To JACK*) Will you *luk* at that imp?

JACK. (*To MRS. MAGUIRE*) But she treats them *all alike*. I give it up. (*Takes MRS. MAGUIRE'S cup. Rises and crosses to R. of tea wagon.*)

JUDY. What are you two whispering about?

MRS. MAGUIRE. The *rint*.

JUDY. I was in hopes you'd forget that. (*Playfully*) Have another cup of tea?

MRS. MAGUIRE. The *rint*.

ALL THREE BOYS. Oh, please don't make us pay our rent.

JUDY. (*Rising*) This is rent day—and here's where we all come across.

(*These lines spoken as they each hand their money to JUDY.*)

HARRY. It's my ante . . .

DICK. I see you . . .

TOM. I call.

MRS. MAGUIRE. On the *minute*. (*Admiring JUDY, rises and crosses to R. of JACK*) Talk about Daniel in the lion's den—they eat out of her hand. (*JUDY hands money to JACK.*)

JACK. (*Adding his own money*) Here you are, Mrs. Maguire. (*He gives her the money. She hands him receipt. He goes upstage and to R.; gets pipe from piano.*)

JUDY. And here's *mine*, Mrs. Shylock. (*She hands MRS. MAGUIRE money which she takes from handbag on table; places handbag on R. side of table, by chair, for next business.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. I'm thinkin' I'll not charge you for that cupboard under the stair.

JUDY. Oh, I couldn't take it for nothing. Besides, I've lots of money. (*Winks*) I got mine to-

day. (*Wheels tea wagon up and goes to kitchen corner.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. Did you, now?

JUDY. Whose turn is it to do the shopping for me? (*All three step forward.*)

ALL THREE. It's mine—mine—— (*Etc. ad lib.*  
HARRY R. of JUDY, DICK below screen, TOM up c.)

JUDY. I remember. (*To HARRY*) You're the shoplifter. Here's your list. (*She gives him paper*)  
By the time you come back I'll be ready to pose.

HARRY. Bye, bye, boys—see you later. I won't waste any time. (*HARRY goes out door L.*)

TOM. (*At the modelling table*) This clay is too hard. (*To JUDY*) Don't you sit till I get back. (*TOM follows HARRY out L., calling after him*)  
Wait a minute, Harry. I'm going your way. I'll go with you.

DICK. (*L. of JUDY, anxiously*) Is there anything I can do for you?

JUDY. Oh, yes. (*She goes up R. and gets pail*)  
Fetch me a bucket of water.

DICK. Sure. (*Grins and goes out L. with an expression of joy on his face.*)

(*JACK and MRS. MAGUIRE look at each other. JACK is R. at piano. MRS. MAGUIRE is at L. end of couch. They look at each other helplessly.*)

JUDY. (*Down to L. of MRS. MAGUIRE, roguishly*)  
Which one is it? I'll give you three guesses.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Starting for her*) If you don't get downstairs and get them clothes on, I'll murder you. (*JUDY rushes off L., laughing. MRS. MAGUIRE front of table L.*) It's beyond me.

JACK. You're right, though. It must be one of them.

MRS. MAGUIRE. But which one—— My head is whirling like a top. (*She goes off L.; closes door after her.*)

(JACK *crosses slowly to table, and sits in armchair. Tries to read legal paper; cannot concentrate; picks up JUDY'S handbag; handles it fondly; looks about to see that no one can observe him; presses it to his lips. Just as he does this the doorknob rattles and he hastily hides handbag under his coat. Enter DICK.*)

DICK. I'm glad you're alone, old man. I want to talk to you. (*He puts down pail in kitchen corner.*)

JACK. Yes.

DICK. (*Sits on table, L. of JACK*) I've something to tell you: it's a *secret*.

JACK. You're in love with Judy.

DICK. How did you know?

JACK. Oh, I'm very observant.

DICK. I didn't think *anyone* knew.

JACK. Of course—there's no reason why anyone *should* know.

DICK. Did you ever care for anyone—*really*, I mean? Did anybody ever mean so much to you that the world wouldn't be anything at all without her?

JACK. Once.

DICK. I suppose you've forgotten all about it. (*Crosses away R. JACK replaces handbag on table.*)

JACK. (*Dryly*) No. Not yet.

DICK. (*Turning*) Then it wasn't so long ago. (JACK *shakes his head.*) Perhaps it isn't over yet.

JACK. No, I don't think it's going to be over for a long, long time.

DICK. Tell me about it, old man.

JACK. Well, she was a nice girl—I saw her every day. Unconsciously I came to care very deeply, but I didn't realize it. I didn't *know* it, I tell you . . . until it was too late. Until I found she cared for someone else.

DICK. (R. of JACK) You—failed? (JACK *nods.*) Then you know how I feel—but I'm not going to fail.

JACK. Has Judy—promised you——?

DICK. Not *yet* . . .

JACK. Oh! !

DICK. But she *will*. She's everything to me. When she smiles at anyone else—it hurts. I can't bear to see anyone touch her hand. I suppose poets call it heartache—but it *isn't*—I can't *eat*—I can't get a good deep *breath*—it just hurts me here—was that the way you felt?

JACK. Something like that.

DICK. Well, I've been waiting. Tom likes her—so does Harry—I don't see how *you* escaped—I suppose it was the memory of the other girl—eh?

JACK. (*Slowly—rises and to L. of table*) I'm out of it.

DICK. (*Sits R. of table*) Well, she's never made any difference between us—and I was afraid—but now I know she likes me best.

JACK. Do you think so? (*Faces DICK across table.*)

DICK. I'm sure of it. She offered to pose for Tom and Harry to save them money for a model, but that's so easy it's a joke. Then she thought I was hurt and she offered to sit up half the night to work for me. (*Delighted—rising*) You heard her—huh?—you heard her——

JACK. Oh, yes. I heard her. (JACK *walks up a little restlessly, rapidly puffing his pipe—to screen.*)

DICK. What's the matter, Old Man? Have I raked up unpleasant memories?

JACK. Oh, I'm all right. (TOM *comes in the room with his clay.*)

TOM. I was afraid I'd be late—— Judy back yet? (*Hanging up hat and then crossing R. to stand.*)



DICK. What do you think she is, a lightning change artist? She's downstairs putting on that silly rig she wore the night she came.

TOM. (*At his work table*) Silly rig! My boy, you have no eye for the picturesque.

DICK. (*R. of table*) She looks prettier and sweeter in the things she wears about the house——

TOM. (*Working with clay*) If you were an artist—(*Loftily*)—you would understand. (*Hands him a book from bunk*) Go back to your livers and lights. (*DICK looks at book, sees what it is, drops it to floor almost on TOM's toes, and then crosses to door L., turns at door and, barely loud enough to be heard at all, says*)

DICK. You go to hell. (*Exits. JACK drops down to door, looking off after him. TOM laughs heartily, and crosses around R. end of couch, above it, to a position below the R. end of couch, facing audience.*)

TOM. Poor Dick—I'm sorry for him. He's crazy about Judy—and he doesn't stand a chance.

JACK. Who *does* stand a chance? (*To c.*)

TOM. (*Confidentially*) I do.

JACK. Has she promised you—? (*L. of couch.*)

TOM. (*Sits*) Not yet. But she *will*.

JACK. (*Sits L. of TOM*) You seem very confident.

TOM. Did you hear her offer to pose for me?

JACK. And for Harry.

TOM. Of course she couldn't say no when he wanted to sketch her. But she's posing for *me*. Don't you see? She wants me to make some money—and get on, so we can be married. So I'm going to work and work—and when we are married—you shall be best man. (*Offers his hand.*)

JACK. (*Shaking hands, mock gravity*) Oh, thank you. (*HARRY enters L., hangs up hat and goes up to bunk, taking off coat.*)

TOM. (*Rises, around R. end of couch to stand*) Some shopper. You hold all records for the distance. But where's the grub?

HARRY. I ordered on the phone. It'll be right over. (*Up at bunk L.*)

JACK. Perhaps. Last time you did that, the order was three days late. (*Crosses to piano R. Lights pipe again.*)

TOM. (*Searching on modelling stand*) Where the dickens is— (*Annoyed*) I see the borrowing brothers have been in to visit us. I'll kill that fellow Tucker yet. (*He goes out left, calling*) Tucker! Tucker! (*Shuts door.*)

HARRY. (*Crosses R. to JACK*) Well, old man—congratulate me.

JACK. (*Turning at piano*) You don't mean to say Judy has promised to marry you?

HARRY. Oh—so you're not surprised? She—hasn't promised yet. But I know now—I'm the one. Did you hear her—she wouldn't pose for Tom unless she could pose for me, too. And how clever she is. Neither of the boys suspect—

JACK. No. They haven't an idea.

HARRY. You can't imagine how much easier in my mind I am. Oh, I know you think I'm just a kidder—but this thing has bitten mighty deep: it would be an awful wallop if she'd say no. (*Glee-fully*) But it's all right—it's all right. (*Claps JACK on shoulder. Enter JUDY left. Crossing L. to JUDY, who is in front of table*) Why, where's the . . . costume?

JUDY. I'm so sorry, but the posing will be delayed. The Pierrot suit is all wrinkled—Mrs. Maguire is going to press it out for me. (*Goes up to kitchen; brings lamp down to table.*)

HARRY. Oh, all right. (*JUDY busy at stove*)

JACK. (*To HARRY*) I'd like to talk to Judy a little while.

HARRY. You might give her a hint. Fix it for me. (*He goes up on roof. Exits c.*)

JACK. Oh, Judy, just—a minute. (*She crosses to him slowly, coyly.*) My sister is coming down here today to see me and . . .

JUDY. I'm glad to hear it. And I hope she persuades you to make up with your family—then you can go in with your father and do some real work.

JACK. (*Slightly offended—R. to front of couch*) You don't think much of my work.

JUDY. Yes, I do. You're a good lawyer—but you're wasted. (*She sits him on couch and sits L. of him.*)

JACK. Nothing of the sort. These poor people need a man to help them fight their battles—and they can't afford to pay anyone—

JUDY. Why should *you* do it *all*, and *all the time*? You've been working a month to extract my five hundred dollars from stepfather . . .

JACK. You're going to get it, too—

JUDY. And I'm very grateful—it was kind of you, but if you were in your father's office you could make so much money you could afford to pay half a dozen young men to do such work.

JACK. (*Taken aback*) I never thought of that.

JUDY. Of course you didn't. You're just full of lovely ideas—and beautiful dreams, but you're not practical. No wonder your people quarrel with you. I'd quarrel with you myself if it was any of my business. Wasting your time on ten-cent cases and living down here—(*She indicates the room—goes up c.*)—the way you do.

JACK. Perhaps you'd rather I didn't live here. (*She starts toward him impulsively. Just as she reaches him, arms outstretched, he turns and looks at her. She changes her mood, bluffing.*)

JUDY. Why should I object? But it is no place for a man of your family and your prospects, and—

(*Sitting L. of him, teasing*)—your lovely Vandyke beard.

JACK. (*Edges a little R. on couch*) I wish you'd dry up about my beard.

JUDY. I can't. Every time I see it I just get mad clear through. It's awful. A shave only costs a quarter. (*He moves away again, R. on couch. She follows*) One of the boys would lend you his Gillette. (*Same business of moving R.*) Think of all the money Harry could save if you would only give it to him to make paint brushes.

JACK. (*Rises and crosses L. and gets hat at door*) I'm not going to cut off my beard to please you, or anybody——

JUDY. Your wife will make you.

JACK. Not for any woman.

JUDY. Wait till you're married. (*To R. of table.*)

JACK. Married. (*He smiles a little*) There's no chance of my being married. (*Opens door.*)

JUDY. Never?

JACK. Never . . . Not now. (*He goes out, L. JUDY crosses and shuts door after him. HARRY pops in from roof, on platform.*)

HARRY. Has the costume come yet, Judy?

JUDY. Not yet. I'll call you.

HARRY. (*Coming down steps*) Oh, Jack's gone. Did he say anything to you? I mean—I'd like to tell you something.

JUDY. (*Up to HARRY*) Oh, not now. I expect Mrs. Maguire any second. Wait till after we finish posing. Go back on the roof, and punch the bag till I call you. (*Gives him a push. He goes out on roof. There is a knock at the door.*) Come in.

(NATHAN GRIDLEY enters.)

NATHAN. (*Very sweetly*) How do you do, Judy? (*Edges over to chair R. of table.*)

JUDY. Well, if it isn't my dear old stepfather. I don't remember sending you an invitation to call. (NATHAN *smirks and sits.*) And I'm sure nobody said sit down—but you're welcome—if you brought my money.

NATHAN. Yes. Yes, I came round about the money. (*Places derby hat on table—upper end.*)

JUDY. You came round to bring it? (*Down R. of him.*)

NATHAN. No. I came round to talk about it.

JUDY. Oh, I see. You want to talk me out of it.

NATHAN. (*Very oily*) Now, Judy—dear . . . I wish I could persuade you to forgive me.

JUDY. Oh, I'll forgive you—but I want the money—five hundred and two dollars and eleven cents. (*Crosses R. to front of couch.*)

NATHAN. No, no, no—five hundred and two dollars and two cents.

JUDY. That was yesterday. Interest at six per cent. (*Around R. end of couch to door of China.*)

NATHAN. But, Judy, you've got a good situation. You live in this beautiful place with that nice lawyer and his friends—you don't need the money just now.

JUDY. It was left me by my mother and I want every penny of it. And how you have hung on to it. (*Over to R. of GRIDLEY.*)

NATHAN. I wanted to keep it for you.

JUDY. For me? For me? (*Walks up stage in temper.*)

NATHAN. Yes, it would be safe. (*Reaches for cigar box. She takes it away from him.*)

JUDY. No money is safe with you. (*Puts cigar box in bunk up left.*)

NATHAN. (*Rises, crosses R.; sees modelling stand*) You're such a merry little thing. We miss you a great deal. Wouldn't you like to come back

and—— (*Looks at statuette on stand, to end of couch.*)

JUDY. No, I wouldn't. But I would like five hundred and two dollars and twelve cents. (*Down c. to GRIDLEY.*)

NATHAN. You said eleven——

JUDY. Watch the clock—see it grow. (*GRIDLEY sits L. end of couch, facing door.*)

NATHAN. But, Judy, that money is invested in my business and if I take that much capital out it will cripple me.

JUDY. I'll make you a present of a pair of crutches. (*Down to front of table L.*)

NATHAN. You'll ruin me—I'm a poor man . . .

JUDY. (*Over to him*) That's what you used to say when I wanted a nickel to buy liver for the cat. It's no use your crawling. I lived in the house with you for nine years. I *know* you from the top of your stingy head to the bottom of your greedy pockets. You're not poor. You've more than you'll ever spend. If you *really did* need my money, I'd be soft-hearted enough to let you *keep* it, but you *don't*. And I *do*. It's *mine*. If you don't give it to me, Mr. Lethbridge will make you. That's all. Good afternoon. (*Upstage, front of bunk R.*)

NATHAN. (*Circles up to c., nasty tone*) Oh, that's the way you feel, eh? (*His soft manner changes to a snarling vindictiveness*) Oh, all right, all right. But you'll be sorry. I can make some trouble for you, pretty serious trouble, too——

JUDY. Meanwhile don't forget the five, two, fourteen. (*There is a knock at the door*) Come in.

(*NATHAN steps back a little over L. behind table, well up stage. MRS. HUNTER MADISON enters. She is a very modish and what would be called "aristocratic" lady, in the forties, who looks in the thirties, and dresses in the twenties. She is not particularly affable in her manner.*)



MRS. MADISON. (*Coldly*) Ah—how do you do? Is this the apartment—I suppose I should say studio—where Jack Lethbridge lives?

JUDY. Yes, Mr. Lethbridge lives here. (*Down R. end of couch.*)

MRS. MADISON. I should like to see him.

JUDY. (*In a very cool manner*) He was here only a moment ago. I'll find him for you. (*Front of couch.*)

MRS. MADISON. Thank you.

JUDY. Who shall I say is calling?

MRS. MADISON. I am his sister, Mrs. Hunter Madison. (*JUDY immediately warm to her. Crosses to chair R. of table.*)

JUDY. Oh, really! Do sit down. Jack said you were coming . . . (*She hesitates at the look of disapproval. She must say "Jack" just as MRS. MADISON is sitting.*)

MRS. MADISON. Jack? I don't believe my brother ever mentioned you to me.

JUDY. (c.) No, he wouldn't—I'm only the cook.

MRS. MADISON. Oh, I see. Yes. You will pardon me if I find the village a little hard to understand—is it the custom here for the cook to call her employer by his first name?

JUDY. Oh, I don't call him "Jack." We call him the "Old Man." Excuse me. (*She goes out L. on the run. GRIDLEY sneaks down R. of MRS. MADISON.*)

MRS. MADISON. Extraordinary. (*She turns to go to a chair and becomes cognizant of GRIDLEY, who smirks deferentially and bows.*) I beg your pardon. I didn't know anyone else was here. (*She looks at him with disapproval*) I hope I'm not intruding.

NATHAN. Oh, not at all—I'm just going . . .

MRS. MADISON. I expected my father to meet

me here—he telephoned me that he would. You don't happen to know whether he has been here?

NATHAN. No, madam. I just arrived. I don't live here. (*Hypocritically*) I came to try to persuade my young stepdaughter to come home with me, but she prefers to stay here with these young men.

MRS. MADISON. (*Pointing after JUDY*) Is that girl your stepdaughter?

NATHAN. Yes, ma'am, and I'm ashamed to admit it.

MRS. MADISON. You say she stays *here*—with these young men?

NATHAN. Yes. She ran away from home and—

MRS. MADISON. (*Rising and looking about*) And she—*lives* here?

NATHAN. I understand she takes care of the studio and cooks their meals. It may be all right, of course, but it looks bad—and there's a lot of gossip. It seems there's some young fellow here of good family, and she's trying to entrap him into a marriage.

MRS. MADISON. Oh, I see. Do you happen to know who he is?

NATHAN. No. But perhaps your brother could tell you. Unless she—oh, dear, dear—I hope your brother—*isn't*.

MRS. MADISON. (*Coldly*) My brother—*hardly*.

NATHAN. Of course not. I'm very glad. I'm ashamed to say it, but she's not a good girl. Used to stay out all night at these wild studio parties, half dressed; couldn't keep her home. She learned to smoke cigarettes—and before she ran away she began drinking——

MRS. MADISON. Oh!! How very—unpleasant.

NATHAN. I hear she posed for all the village artists. (*He sees clay figure; goes and gets it*) She's been posing for these boys. (*He shows her*

*the figure standing c.)* I recognize the costume. Sometimes she didn't wear so much—of course you understand—they don't think anything of that down here.

MRS. MADISON. Please . . . (*Crosses up to window.*)

NATHAN. Excuse me, ma'am, but I thought you ought to understand. (*He replaces figure*) It would be a terrible thing if any young man of decent social position should marry her.

MRS. MADISON. (*Turns to him, standing above him*) I've heard about these three other boys—they're all students—all poor.

NATHAN. Then perhaps your brother—is—— (*She looks at him and walks away down to front of table.*) I'm so sorry—I didn't mean to offend you, but it's just as well you know.

MRS. MADISON. (*Turning to L. of table*) Please—don't say any more.

HARRY. (*Dashing in through window; sees GRIDLEY*) Hello! (*Notices MRS. MADISON deferentially*) Oh, how do you do?

MRS. MADISON. Do you live here?

HARRY. Yes.

MRS. MADISON. (*Very agitated*) I am Mrs. Madison—Jack Lethbridge's sister. I came here expecting to meet my father. We have something very important to discuss with my brother, but something has occurred that—— (*Looking across at GRIDLEY*) I must find my father at once. Will you please tell my brother to wait here till I come back?

HARRY. Certainly.

MRS. MADISON. Thank you. (*She hurries out L.*)

HARRY. (*Turns to GRIDLEY, who has dropped down to end of couch*) Did you want to see somebody?

GRIDLEY. (*Crosses HARRY to table and picks up hat on speech*) No. I was just going.

HARRY. Well, don't hurry away. If you want to see any of the boys——

NATHAN. No, no. I came to see Miss Drummond.

HARRY. She'll be here in a moment.

NATHAN. (*In front of table*) She's been here. We had our little talk.

HARRY. Oh, you know her——

NATHAN. Quite well. I'm her stepfather.

HARRY. You are? (*Joyously*) You're her *stepfather*. I've been wanting to meet you for a long time. (*Over and grasps his hand.*)

GRIDLEY. You've been wanting to meet *me*?

HARRY. You will never know how much. Come up on the roof with me—I have something to say to you. (*Starts up c., arm in arm with GRIDLEY.*)

GRIDLEY. (*Puzzled*) Say it *here*.

HARRY. No, the roof is better. There's more room and we won't break things. Won't take me long. (*He seizes GRIDLEY by the arm and drags him protesting out of skylight window c. Their voices die away as JUDY ushers MATTHEW LETHBRIDGE into the room. He is a handsomely dressed, distinguished man of fifty-five, very authoritative but not unkind.*)

JUDY. (*Looks about—to c.*) Why, she *was* here when I left.

MATTHEW. (*Front of table*) She said she'd be here. Telephoned me to meet her.

JUDY. Won't you sit down, please—and wait? (*He sits R. of table.*) She's sure to come back. I knew you were Mr. Lethbridge the moment I saw you. Your son looks like you. (*She takes his silk hat.*)

MATTHEW. (*A trifle amused*) You think so?

JUDY. (*Around above him to L. of table*) Oh,

yes. His eyes are just like yours, and his chin too—you have the same little crinkles around the corner of your mouth.

(MATTHEW looks at her, and into his face comes the crafty look of the super-able lawyer, the man who can tell which way the wind blows from the slightest straw. He senses immediately that JUDY is interested in JACK, but concealing this, in a most casual manner he begins to "draw her out.")

MATTHEW. You seem to have observed him very closely.

JUDY. Why, of course. I've been here a month—and—— (*Puts hat down on table, lower end.*)

MATTHEW. Does Jack still wear that beard?

JUDY. Yes, he does. The boys have made fun of it, and I've just begged him to cut it off, but he won't.

MATTHEW. (*Eyeing her keenly*) That's very annoying, isn't it? And you are observant. In spite of that beard you've noticed the little crinkles about his mouth. (*Thoughtfully. She kneels in chair L. of table.*) Yes, yes. (*After a pause*) He has a nice-looking mouth, too. Shame to hide it.

JUDY. That's what I tell him. But he doesn't care *how* he looks.

MATTHEW. No. It's rather irritating. I share your dislike for that beard. He wouldn't be such a bad looking chap without it.

JUDY. (*With enthusiasm*) Oh, he'd be handsome.

MATTHEW. (*Smiling*) Yes, of course. Have you told him so?

JUDY. Ever so many times.

MATTHEW. And you've known him a whole

month. Well, I suppose you've found out he's an obstinate chap.

JUDY. Stubborn. Stubborn as a *mule*. Now the other boys that live up here are no trouble at all. If one tells them anything for their own good—they *listen*. If one insists that they do something—they *do* it. But the "Old Man"—

MATTHEW. Eh?

JUDY. Oh, I beg your pardon—that's what the boys call him. (*Rises.*)

MATTHEW. You call him the "old man" too.

JUDY. Only when I want to aggravate him. You've no idea how angry he gets, and I don't blame him—he isn't *old*—I've been trying to make him understand that—he's just a great big boy—with ingrowing ideals. (*Sits on stool in front of table, facing R.*)

MATTHEW. You seem to understand him very well.

JUDY. Oh, I *do*. I've watched him—and looked after him and——

MATTHEW. (*Most friendly*) Exactly—er—just who *are* you?

JUDY. (*Disarmed by his frank manner*) Nobody much. I live below with Mrs. Maguire and help her get meals for the boys and keep them tidy.

MATTHEW. I suppose that takes a good deal of your time.

JUDY. Yes, indeed it does, nearly all of it.

MATTHEW. Aren't you a trifle young to undertake such responsibility? You look like a little girl just out of school.

JUDY. I haven't been out of school long, and I'm *still* studying *stenography*.

MATTHEW. That's *fine*. Who does *Jack's* stenography?

JUDY. He hasn't any one.



MATTHEW. (*Jovially*) And you thought you might help him—eh?

JUDY. (*Softly*) Yes. I wanted to help him.

MATTHEW. Hum! Just so. (*A pause. Then in a very cold, hard tone*) How long have you been in love with my boy?

JUDY. (*Rises, stunned*) In love—I—— Oh, I'm not—I'm not.

MATTHEW. (*Rather pityingly*) Oh, yes, my dear little girl—you are.

JUDY. (*To him*) You've no right to say that. Why should you *think* so?

MATTHEW. I've been *told* so.

JUDY. (*Impulsively*) But nobody knows. (*She hesitates, turns front, realizes she is caught*) I mean—who told you?

MATTHEW. You did—since I came in this room. Everything you've said has been a confession.

JUDY. (*Amazed*) I never said a thing that—would——

MATTHEW. Young lady, I'm a wily old man with years of law experience. I am accustomed to remember unguarded remarks—and I have a certain faculty of putting two and two together. You may deny it as much as you like—but I *know*. You're in love with my son. (*A pause.*)

JUDY. Yes, I love him.

MATTHEW. (*Very hard and stern from now on*) And *he* . . . does *he* love you?

JUDY. I am nothing to him. He doesn't know. He's wrapped up in his work—his ideas—he doesn't think of *me*.

MATTHEW. Back in your head—isn't there a sort of an idea that some day he *will* know—that some day you and he will be married?

JUDY. (*Earnestly*) No. I don't want him ever to find out. He's so gentle and kind it would make him unhappy. I don't want him to stay down here—

and marry me. He's clever, and fine, and I want him to go back where he belongs—and do big work. (*On last line crosses to c.*)

MATTHEW. (*Astonished*) Really! (*Curiously*) Have you *told* him this?

JUDY. (*Turns to him*) Often and often—I told him today. I've begged him to go to you and ask you to forgive him. I've begged him to go back to work with you—— You will forgive him—and take him back—won't you—*won't* you?

MATTHEW. (*Cutting her with every word*) His sister has been trying to arrange that. If he wants to drop all this and come home, I shall be very glad to have him.

JUDY. (*Passionately—turns away R. to couch*) Oh, he must—he must!

MATTHEW. (*With deep meaning—rises to c.*) Of course you understand—what that would mean—to *you*. When he leaves here, he will again be a man of—well—social position—wealth—and it isn't likely you'll ever see him again.

JUDY. It doesn't matter about me. I know—I've known from the first that he didn't care—that he couldn't care, and that if he did it couldn't come to anything. (*She sinks on L. end of couch and buries her face in her handkerchief.*)

LETHBRIDGE. (*Without a particle of sympathy in his tone*) You mustn't go on like this. You are doing a big thing, a fine thing, and you must let the reward be your self respect.

JUDY. Never mind about me. It—it won't be so hurty when he's gone and I don't have to see him any more. (*Rises and faces him*) I hope you are not offended because I dared care for him. I couldn't help it. (*Turns front*) I quarrelled with him—and scolded him—(*Proudly*)—but I never let him know. I just knew some day this would happen. (*Turns to face R.*) Take him back. Take

him back. We must think of what is best for him.

LETHBRIDGE. (*In an icy tone of finality*) What is best for him—exactly. (*Deliberately turns away from her and walks up to window, back to the audience.*)

(*JUDY is stunned and almost unconscious of what she is doing. She starts slowly L. As she reaches C., MRS. MAGUIRE enters very quietly left and stands left of table, watching her. JUDY almost stumbles across and off L. MRS. MAGUIRE looks after her, not able to comprehend. LETHBRIDGE back to audience. Hold this for a hand.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Turning suddenly on LETHBRIDGE*) Have you been saying anything to that child?

MATTHEW. (*Comes down c.*) I'm afraid I had bad news for her.

MRS. MAGUIRE. And who are ye—wid yer swell clothes and all?

MATTHEW. My name is Lethbridge.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Front of table*) Ye're the "old man's" father.

MATTHEW. Yes.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*To him*) Ye've come—to take him back.

MATTHEW. If he'll come.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*With instant intuition*) Yer told her—she's cryin'—she loves him—she loves him. He's the wan. I knew it all the time. (*Sympathetically, a step toward door*) The poor dear, breakin' her heart for him. (*Indignant to LETHBRIDGE, directly in front of armchair*) And he wid his nose always stuck in a contract, hidin' himself behind that ostermoor. He's not a man—he's an icicle. He ought to be murdered—— (*Step to*

him) You'd better take him home before I *kill* him. (*With deep feeling*) Why, she's the swatest, finest girrul that ever lived—a lady.

MATTHEW. I think so too. (*She stares at him.*) I agree with you in everything you've said. (*Regretfully. She flops in armchair.*) It's too da—— (*He checks himself*) I beg your pardon.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Say it! Say it! Ever since I came in here, the word's been tremblin' on the tip o' me tongue.

MATTHEW. I am sorry my son isn't here. It is very important that I see him.

MRS. MAGUIRE. This is no place for the likes of you. I'll tell him to come and see you.

MATTHEW. He won't come. I've asked him. Do you know if he'll be back soon?

MRS. MAGUIRE. I know Judy'll be right up here to pose for them boys.

MATTHEW. Well, I'd rather not see her again.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Then come down to my place— if ye can stand it, and catch him as he comes in.

MATTHEW. Thank you. Well, it's a bad business and I don't see what I can do about it. (*He crosses on above line to door L., picking up hat from table as he goes; stands above door.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. I don't suppose anyone can do anything. (*She starts over to follow him off, very dispirited. He, standing above door, motions her to go first. She has never been treated with such courtliness before and it takes her an instant to get it. Mentally she says, "What, me?" and then swells all up and very proudly makes an elegant exit, followed by MATTHEW. Hold this for a hand.*)

(*As the applause dies, a terrific commotion is heard off L. on roof—several slams, splintering wood, two or three hard slaps and a breaking pane of glass. GRIDLEY rushes across platform to win-*

dow C. and in. *He runs R. above couch, around same, pulling out piano stool to be in the way of HARRY, who is chasing him. As he does this, TOM rushes on from L. to C.)*

TOM. What's the idea, Harry? (*DICK follows TOM on.*)

GRIDLEY. I'll have the law on you! (*Rushes L. and out.*)

DICK. Who is he?

HARRY. (*Replacing piano stool*) Judy's stepfather.

TOM and DICK. What? (*Both start to rush L. after GRIDLEY and are intercepted at the door by JACK, who enters. He must time this entrance to come in just as GRIDLEY exits. He shoves TOM back, reels center. Shoves DICK back and he lands on stool in front of table.*)

JACK. Stop it!

DICK. It's Judy's stepfather.

JACK. Don't kill him till I get the five hundred dollars.

TOM. You ought to see him.

JACK. (*Hanging up hat*) I saw him.

HARRY. (*Up to bunk, above couch and L.*) Go up and give the roof the once over. (*Puts on coat at bunk L.*)

TOM. (*Goes to modelling stand*) Well, I'm ready. (*Opening can of clay.*)

DICK. (*Up to bunk R., opens curtains, sees the stuff*) Look here—you fellows—what do you think this is? (*He points to bed.*)

TOM. I own up—it's a bunk.

HARRY. Looks like a Pullman berth that got wet and shrunk—— Outside of that there's nothing the matter with it.

DICK. There's a whole lot the matter with it.

(*JACK is left of table. HARRY gets out drawing of JUDY from his bunk L.*) You fellows seem to think my bed is a junk pile. (*Taking out necktie*) 'Tisn't a haberdashery. (*He shows milk bottle*) Nor a dairy. (*He shows shaving mug with brush in it and a Gillette razor*) Nor a barber shop. (*He shows tobacco jar*) Nor a United Cigar store. (*Puts all these things on table.*)

HARRY. You want to look out for that razor. The "Old Man" is apt to pinch it.

JACK. Oh, dry up.

DICK. I don't like to have my bed all cluttered up with other people's things. (*JUDY enters L. in the Pierrot suit and the cloak.*) Now you fellows take your stuff and——

TOM. I didn't put it there——

HARRY. Neither did I—— (*The boys go into an ad lib. argument. DICK in front of armchair, HARRY L. of table, TOM directly behind DICK. JACK takes his pipe from table, lights it and goes up on platform c. to smoke. JUDY leaning against the door. She has on the Pierrot suit. The three engage in an ad lib. argument. JUDY at once interposes.*)

JUDY. What's the matter? What are you quarreling about? (*All try to tell her at once ad lib. with many gestures. She catches the idea*) Oh, I left those things there. I meant to put them all away, but I forgot them. I'm so sorry.

DICK. Oh, it's all right—they weren't really in my way.

HARRY. Let's get to the posing.

TOM. (*Leading JUDY across to couch as DICK puts the stuff back in bunk*) Yes, the light won't be good very long. (*Places her on couch*) Now the left arm up.

HARRY. It was the other way.



TOM. Look at the model. (*They argue ad lib. until JUDY stops them.*)

JUDY. Now, if you dare to argue any more this evening, Dick shall sing Ben Bolt seven times and you shall both listen——

TOM. He shall only sing Ben Bolt over my dead body. (*At modelling stand.*)

HARRY. If he ever sang it over my dead body—I'd come to life and walk out.

DICK. (c.) Just for that, I will sing it. (*Sings: "Oh, don't you remember, Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" etc. JUDY holds her ears. HARRY rushes across up stage to piano and starts to play chords.*)

TOM. Say, I can sing better than that. (*Stands above piano and starts to sing "Toreador." DICK runs across and chokes him. HARRY starts to play "Sweet Adeline" and they sing two lines of it and break off, laughing. Then he starts to play "Caring" and the three boys sing it. JUDY joins in, lying on the couch.*)

(*"Caring," written for this play, is published by Leo Feist, New York City.*)

(*The boys sing the first two lines. TOM realizes JUDY is singing; stops. He nudges DICK. DICK stops and then stops HARRY, so that at the end of the third line JUDY realizes that she is singing alone. She sits up, turns. TOM beckons to her. She crosses to them. He motions up on piano, and then lifts her up on up-stage end of piano as she sings the last line of the verse. If this is done as described the song is worked into without any direct cue and does not look dragged in. JUDY sings the chorus once through, TOM sitting on head of couch, facing her, and DICK has dropped down to below lower end of piano, standing. HARRY plays*

*accompaniment. At the end of the song the boys exclaim, "Great!" "Wonderful!" "That was pretty, Judy," and TOM lifts her down in his arms.)*

DICK. *(Getting in the way)* Put her down, Tom.

TOM. You bet I will. *(Shoves DICK back R., sets JUDY down, takes both her hands and they swing around once. He then places right arm about her waist and she jumps up and he catches her with his left arm under her knees.)*

DICK. Well, I'll break this up! *(Takes tambourine from lower end of piano and starts to beat it. TOM carries JUDY to C. HARRY is playing the chorus of the song in fox trot tempo all this time and all these lines should be spoken to sound perfectly ad lib. TOM sets JUDY down. They dance fox trot up C.)* See how high you can kick. *(Over to front of table, back to door, holds tambo high. TOM gets behind JUDY, hands on her waist. They take two steps down stage and she does a hitch kick. As she does, TOM lifts her and she kicks the tamborine out of DICK's hands.)*

*(MRS. MADISON has entered as she kicks and sees this. Stands L. at door.)*

MRS. MADISON. I beg your pardon. *(JUDY up stage and hides behind screen L. TOM up and to R. by modelling stand, signalling to HARRY. DICK runs right across couch and turns HARRY away from piano.)* I'm sorry to interrupt you.

JACK. *(Advancing)* Why, hello, Lucy. *(He takes her hands)* Heard you were coming. Glad to see you. *(He looks around for JUDY, but doesn't see her.)* Let me present the boys—you've heard me speak of them. This is Harry Stanton, Tom

Danforth, Jick Weatherby. Boys, this is my sister, Mrs. Madison.

ALL THE BOYS. (*Together*) Delighted, charmed!  
(*Etc. ad lib.*)

JACK. (*Looking about*) Where did Judy go?

JUDY. Here I am. (*Up behind screen.*)

JACK. Come here, Judy. (*She timidly comes forward, L. of JACK. He is c.*) Lucy, this is—

MRS. MADISON. (*Coldly, turns front*) Excuse me. (*There is a moment of embarrassment as LUCY turns away.*)

JACK. But—

MRS. MADISON. (*Icily*) Excuse me. (*JUDY is deeply hurt and turns up c. to steps. JACK goes up to console her. MRS. MADISON to L. end of couch; speaks to boys. JUDY shrinks back. The boys are angry, but try to hold it down. MRS. MADISON turns to them*) I have something to say to my brother. Will you kindly allow us to be alone a little while? (*The boys bow and, in silent anger, go out door L. TOM goes first, followed by HARRY. DICK follows them, and JUDY starts after them. DICK stops to take her with him. As they reach front of table MRS. MADISON speaks*) I have something to say to you—too. Kindly stay here. (*She glances at DICK, who goes out left.*)

JUDY. (*Stops front of table*) What do you want to say to me?

MRS. MADISON. (*Front of armchair*) I want to tell my brother what I know about you, and I want you to hear it.

JUDY. (*Turns to go*) No—I—

MRS. MADISON. Oh—so you're afraid.

JUDY. I'm not afraid—I'll stay.

JACK. (*Comes down R. of MRS. MADISON*) Now, Lucy—wait—

(*WARN*)

MRS. MADISON. It's common gossip here in the

Village that this girl is trying to entrap you into a marriage.

JACK. Entrap me? Good Lord! (*He laughs.*)

JUDY. I'm *not*!

MRS. MADISON. Everyone knows, except you. Also—you don't seem to know just what sort of girl she is—a model who goes to these Village balls—and drinks——

JUDY. That isn't true——

MRS. MADISON. I have proof. Why, when I came in—— Oh, doesn't your own reason tell you I'm speaking the truth?

JACK. (*Sternly*) When you came in this little girl was having an innocent romp, with three decent boys—not a bit of harm in it.

MRS. MADISON. So she has succeeded in making you believe she's what you'd like her to be. Jack, you're a fool.

JUDY. You've no right to say this about me. It's untrue. I was posing for the boys—there's no harm in that—and they've been lovely to me. Don't you dare to think that I—that they——

MRS. MADISON. You'd better go now.

JUDY. No. Not till I make you understand.

MRS. MADISON. Nothing you could say or do would make me believe you are anything but a——

JACK. That will do, Lucy! (*JUDY sinks on stool in front of table.*) This little girl is good. (*LUCY turns on him.*) I know. Why, my ideals are as high as yours. I would demand the best of any woman I really loved, and I love her! I love her better than anything in the world. I never meant to tell her, for I realize that she could never care for me. Why, I am not worthy of her, but if she would consent to be my wife, I would be the happiest man in the world. (*Crosses MRS. MADISON to R. of JUDY*) Judy, will you marry me?

JUDY. (*Rises*) No. You're not asking me be-

cause you really love me. You're just sorry for me because your sister has hurt me. Do you think I would marry a man whose family looks down on me? Why, your sister despises me. She doesn't think I'm a good girl. Even if I loved you I wouldn't marry you now—never—never—never!!  
*(Exits left hysterically as the curtain falls.)*

## CURTAIN

*Playing time, forty-two minutes.*

### ACT III

TIME: *Eight o'clock the same evening.*

SCENE: *Tea wagon removed. Table lamp and brackets lit. Lighting the same as Act I, Scene I.*

*JUDY'S hat and handbag on table L., to be placed on R. hand side of table, down stage. Safety pin in lining of hat for business later.*

AT RISE: *DICK seated R. of table, TOM on L. end of couch, both staring at floor, downcast. Long pause. DICK turns to TOM and starts to speak. TOM looks up questioningly. DICK turns away. TOM looks at floor. Long pause.)*

TOM. What time is it?

DICK. *(Looks at wrist watch)* Eight. *(Long pause. Footsteps heard approaching hurriedly. Both boys look up expectantly.)*

HARRY. *(Enters L., hanging up hat on rack above door)* Hasn't Judy come yet?

TOM. Not yet.

HARRY. *(Crossing above table and above couch to modelling stand L.C., above it. As he crosses)* I am so hungry, every time I take a deep breath my vest buttons rattle against my spine. *(Picks up lump of clay; pretends to start to bite it.)*

TOM. *(Scarcely looking around)* That's no good. I tried it.

HARRY. *(Slams clay back on stand)* Oh! *(Crosses L. above table; sits in chair L. of table.)*



TOM. I feel the same way.

DICK. I feel worse than that.

TOM. (*Rising*) Well, I tried my hand at a little coffee. (*Crosses L. to kitchen corner.*)

DICK. (*Rising*) And I did my best with a little soup.

HARRY. (*As TOM brings down a saucepan and sets it on table, standing above table. DICK goes up to kitchen corner, crossing above TOM*) Haven't you had any word?

TOM. Not a whisper. (*Starts R.*)

HARRY. Any signs of the old man?

DICK. (*Setting a bouillon cup down on table and sitting in armchair R. of table*) He hasn't been here.

HARRY. What has Mrs. Maguire to say?

TOM. Never since I have known her has she said less. (*He sits on couch, facing audience, resting his head on his hand on head of couch.*)

HARRY. (*Takes a taste from the saucepan*) That's the worst soup I ever tasted.

DICK. That isn't soup—that's coffee.

HARRY. Is it? Then it's the worst *coffee* I ever tasted. (*He now drinks from cup. He grimaces.*) But it's better than the soup. (*He puts cup down and takes another sip from saucepan. Turns away and sits down.*) I might have known there was some reason you didn't drink it yourselves.

TOM. I wish the old man would come in. I'd like to ask him some questions.

HARRY. The old man is a regular fellow and I like him—but his sister is a mistake.

DICK. All wrong—all *wrong*.

TOM. All wrong is right. All in favor say "aye."

ALL THREE. (*Loudly*) Aye.

DICK. It's *unanimous*.

HARRY. Aren't women queer? Why, the way

she treated Judy, you'd have thought the poor kid was a second-story man.

TOM. Oh, she got to thinking about her limousine and the chauffeur and it went to her head.

DICK. There's something more than that. It puzzles me. Just because she's what they call a society woman doesn't account for it. You know *they* come down here to the studios and behave just like regular people.

HARRY. Yes; but why turn down *Judy* the way she did? I wish I knew what was said after *we* had to get out.

DICK. Whatever it was it must have hurt *Judy's* feelings—it's no wonder she didn't feel like coming up here and getting dinner.

TOM. Oh, nobody's blaming *Judy*.

DICK. I'd like to *see* anybody blame her.

HARRY. So would I.

*(There is a knock on the door. All rise suddenly and smilingly, expecting JUDY. HARRY rushes and opens door. DICK to front of table. TOM to C. All stop as they see it is not JUDY. HARRY back to in front of chair, L. of table. DICK up C. TOM R., to above couch.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. *(Speaks from the hall)* Well, it's the polite crowd ye are. 'Twill not kill ye to say come in—*(Inside door)*—even if ye did expect someone else.

ALL THREE BOYS. Come in—come in! Sit down! *(Etc., ad lib. HARRY grabs her and passes her across him. DICK does the same, and TOM turns her about and sits her on L. end of couch, boys grouped just L. of her.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. *(Freeing herself)* Wan minute ye snub me, an' the next ye treat me to a rough house.

ALL THREE. (*Together ad lib.*) Judy—where's Judy? Judy? (*Etc.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. Judy's downstairs where she belongs, of course. Can you think of anny place she'd be goin' at this time o' night?

HARRY. (*Starts L. to door L.*) I'm going downstairs and——

MRS. MAGUIRE. She won't see you—— (*He stops.*) She doesn't want to see annybody—just now.

HARRY. Well, what happened? Tell us. (*He comes back R.C.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. I'll tell ye nawthin'—— (*Tom goes around back of couch, to piano R., leans against it.*)

HARRY. As bad as that . . .

TOM. When is she coming back?

MRS. MAGUIRE. Niver.

DICK. I *knew* it. (*HARRY goes up C.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. She'll niver set foot in the place again. She left her bonnet and her bag. I came up for 'em. (*Rises and turns R.; searches couch and then piano.*)

HARRY. Oh, her *bonnet* and her *bag*. (*L. to table; sees them.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. Yis. (*HARRY, facing MRS. MAGUIRE, with his back to the table, slips the bag—which JACK left on table—into his pocket, and hides the bonnet behind him.*)

HARRY. (*Winking*) Have you seen her bonnet, Tom?

TOM. No. We never know where things are. (*Does not see what HARRY is doing.*)

DICK. (*To MRS. MAGUIRE*) You'd better look about yourself. (*MRS. MAGUIRE starts to table L. to look. HARRY circles below her, hat held behind his back, keeping his face toward her. DICK and TOM see hat he holds and become interested. MRS.*

MAGUIRE looks on table, turns and sees HARRY center. *Becomes suspicious.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. I thought so. Hold out your hand. (HARRY holds out his R. hand to her. He should be three-quarters facing upstage so that all parts of the house see this business. She motions the other hand. He puts his R. hand behind his back and then, when he has hold of the hat, holds out his left hand to MRS. MAGUIRE. Puts L. hand back.) Both of them! (He suddenly holds out both hands and the hat is pinned to the back of his coat. He must pin hat on while she is searching piano R. But it is important that the audience never suspect it to be fastened until this point is reached. DICK and TOM express surprise. MRS. MAGUIRE is puzzled. HARRY laughs.)

HARRY. Why should you think I would hide it, Mrs. Maguire?

MRS. MAGUIRE. I know ye! Ye want to make her—(TOM takes a step upstage and DICK one down stage)—come up after them. (Sees them start to move) Stand still, you two! (Crosses to DICK C. HARRY crosses MRS. MAGUIRE L. to table, circling below her as before and never exposing his back to her.)

HARRY. (As she crosses) Why, they haven't hidden it. (MRS. MAGUIRE suspects DICK may have it behind him, and puts her hands around him to feel if anything is concealed. He must have his hands behind him. He pretends to misunderstand her motive and puts both arms around her in mock serious fashion, making them in a complete embrace. She shoves him off up stage as she speaks.)

MRS. MAGUIRE. Go long out of that! (She starts R. to TOM, who forestalls any search by holding his coat wide open and turning completely around. She stops, unable to fathom it, then starts L. to table again. HARRY circles her to her R. She searches

*table. While she does so, DICK steps behind HARRY and unpins hat; he is facing L. TOM steps up behind couch to behind DICK, leaving all three boys in a line, facing left. DICK passes hat behind him to TOM without looking. TOM puts it behind his back and resumes his position by piano. MRS. MAGUIRE looks around and thinks she has solved it. To HARRY) You turn around. (She starts toward him. He tries to evade. She catches him and succeeds in turning him, leaving her center and HARRY L. of her, facing the table.)*

HARRY. (*As she turns him*) Well, try and turn me.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Finding no hat on HARRY's back where she expected it, facing HARRY*) Well, for the love of—

HARRY. (*Turning to her*) I didn't put it there. (*TOM suddenly holds up hat. HARRY turns front with a very broad grin.*) I told you I didn't have it. (*He must not know or suspect that DICK takes hat off his back, and must show that he believes MRS. MAGUIRE has found it on him until he sees it in TOM's hand, when he is surprised and relieved. Guard this point carefully and the climax of the business is good for a hand.*)

DICK. (*Innocently*) She'd better come up and find it herself.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Crosses L. to door*) She'll not come up. I know ye're hidin' it. I'll give ye tin minutes to bring them things down. If ye *don't*, I'll send Tim up for 'em, an' he'll *get 'em*—or there won't be anything left of the damn place. (*MRS. MAGUIRE goes out left.*)

HARRY. (*Sits R. of table; takes bag from pocket and places on table*) Never coming back.

TOM. (*Puts hat on piano, and sits R. end of couch*) Won't see anybody.

DICK. (*After a pause, looks at both boys*) Well,

boys, things have come to a showdown—and you'll have to know it some time. (*Starts to cross L. to door*) I'm going to see Judy and ask her——

TOM. Didn't you hear Mrs. Maguire? She won't see anybody.

DICK. (*At door*) She'll see *me*.

HARRY. Why should she see *you*?

DICK. (*L. of table*) Because she knows that I love her.

TOM. (*Facing front on couch, sarcastically*) What's *that* to do with it?

DICK. She knows she has some one to depend on and stand by her. (*Proudly*) I love her and she loves me . . .

HARRY. Loves *you*?

DICK. Yes.

TOM. *You*? (*Crosses to c.*)

DICK. Yes.

TOM. (*To HARRY, quick and loud*) Isn't that a *joke*?

HARRY. Ha—it's a *scream*. (*They laugh loudly at DICK, who is annoyed.*)

TOM. (*c., facing front*) You silly cuckoo, *you're* not the one.

HARRY. Of *course* not.

TOM. *I'm* the one Judy loves.

DICK. (*Crosses L. to TOM*) *You*?

HARRY. (*Turns to TOM*) *You*? Why, you're as silly as *he* is. Why, Judy loves *me*.

DICK. *You*?

TOM. Don't make me laugh. (*To DICK*) There's egotism for you. (*To HARRY*) I suppose you think she looks on you as a hero because you walloped a drunken loafer in the jaw——

DICK. And carried her up a flight of stairs.

HARRY. (*Rises, L. of DICK*) Yes, and all you two did was hang out the window and say "naughty,



naughty!" Don't forget she got my cup out of pawn.

TOM. Don't forget she was going to pose for *me*.

HARRY. For *me*, too.

TOM. She couldn't say no, when you invited yourself to trail along, now *could* she?

DICK. It's that confounded *posing* that brought all this trouble on us. I should think you'd be ashamed to mention it. She *knows* it, too. That's why she won't come back. (*Crosses R. and sits on couch on speech. TOM up C.*)

HARRY. Don't be an ass, Dick. Judy doesn't love you. She likes you in a sisterly way, but—can't you see the difference—— (*At L. end of couch.*)

DICK. No, I can't. What reason have you to think she prefers you? Has she ever *said* so?

HARRY. How could she? I haven't *asked* her yet.

TOM. You see. That's the end of *you* and your foolish ideas—— (*Down and sits on stool in front of table, facing R.*)

DICK. (*Crosses to R. of TOM*) I'll stake my life she never *told you* she's in love with *you*.

TOM. (*Rises*) If it comes to that, did she ever tell *you*?

DICK. (*Unwillingly*) Not in so many words . . .

HARRY. Then where do *you* get off? (*All three get close together and wrangle loudly. HARRY waves his hands and stops the other two*) Shut up a minute. (*He pushes TOM L. on stool, throws DICK R. to couch*) Keep still, will you? Now, let's get this straight. Each of you silly cuckoos is in love with Judy and each of you thinks she loves you—

TOM. Hold on—why leave *yourself* out?

HARRY. (*C.*) All right. We're all three *crazy* over *her*.

DICK. (*Sentimentally, seated on couch*) She's the only girl in the world.

TOM. (*Sentimentally, on stool L.*) I'm wild about her.

HARRY. (*Sentimentally*) She's a great little girl—(*More practical*)—but she can't marry us *all*—and she doesn't love but *one*—so *two* of us are going to get a jolt.

DICK. Surest thing you know.

TOM. (*Kidding*) I feel sorry for somebody—

HARRY. (*Sore*) Don't look at *me*.

TOM. (*Angry*) You'll see . . .

DICK. Oh, you make me tired—*both* of you.

HARRY. (*Crosses to DICK R.*) Now keep still till I finish. I've a proposition to make you fellows. If you both feel so sure, let's all go see Judy and *tell* her—and *ask* her—and then it's up to her.

TOM. (*Rises slowly; crosses to L. of HARRY*) All go see her—and—

DICK. (*Rises and comes R. of HARRY*) All at once?

HARRY. Yes. No dodging around—and hiding from each other. Everybody has fair play.

TOM. Does that seem regular to you—a three-cornered proposal . . .

DICK. (*Doing drill as he speaks*) Why, it's like a regiment marching up—halt—carry arms—will you marry us—

HARRY. You don't get the idea at *all*.

DICK. (*Crosses to piano*) No, I don't get it at *all*.

TOM. (*Starts L.*) I think it's a *rotten* idea.

HARRY. (*Catches him by arm and turns him back*) Oh, you *do*?

DICK. So do I. Did you ever *hear* of such a thing? (*Back to HARRY.*)

HARRY. No: but the circumstances are not usual. We've got ourselves in a *sharp*—and though I know

I'm going to come through a winner—I don't want your ill will—so I say—let's go tell her—that's business.

TOM. Yes, that's it—it's *business*.

DICK. There's no romance in it—— Why, for a week I've had in mind what I was going to say. (*A few steps R.—almost pathetic*) I wanted it to be *beautiful*. I meant to drop on one knee——

HARRY. That would be a pretty picture, wouldn't it? Three of us kneeling around her in a circle——

DICK. (*Turns away R.*) Oh, you aren't going to be there.

HARRY. The only way you can shut me out is to build a wire fence around her! Can't you understand I'm trying to save trouble? If you don't follow my suggestion, then what? We'll have a race to see her—and a fight to speak first. Of course, if you're afraid . . .

TOM. *Who's afraid?*

DICK. *I'm not afraid——*

HARRY. (*Confidently*) I have no doubts, none whatever, and I want to give you fellows a fair chance so you'll know I've been on the level.

DICK. (*Sitting on couch again*) After all, the circumstances are exceptional——

TOM. And of course—she'll understand——

HARRY. Of course she will. Naturally she'll be sorry for you both.

TOM. Ha—ha—you'd better go out and buy a pair of shock absorbers. (*Back and sits on stool and laughs.*)

DICK. (*To TOM*) Let him order a set for you.

HARRY. Come on now—what do you say?

DICK. (*After a slight pause*) All right—I'm willing.

TOM. So am I.

HARRY. (*Crosses to door L.*) Come on—let's go.

TOM. (*Rises*) Now wait a minute. There's no

hurry. She's not going anywhere tonight—and I'm hungry——

DICK. *(To R. of TOM)* So am I.

HARRY. *(Taking down hat)* You've got nothing on me.

TOM. Let's go out and get a sandwich or something.

DICK. Yes. No sense proposing on an empty stomach.

HARRY. You do have lucid moments. Let's go over to the Pirates Den—— *(Opens door.)*

TOM. Are you inviting us to supper?

HARRY. Certainly—Dutch treat.

TOM. *(Getting hat)* Then it's the quick lunch.

HARRY. Atta boy. Come on. *(All three go out left and clatter away.)*

*(After a moment MRS. MAGUIRE peers in the window c., looks around, then steps in.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. *(To JUDY off)* They're all gone. There's no one here. *(Above table. JUDY appears from window. Her manner is quiet, even sad.)*

JUDY. *(Looks out uneasily)* I hope they don't come back—until we find it. *(Above couch.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. They've gone to supper—ye starved them out. Seems to me we've been waiting a year behind that tank, and that's a small place for two women to hide even if one of them is a little shrimp. *(On this speech, takes coffee and soup and puts them in kitchen corner and comes back c. JUDY is working slowly down R.)*

JUDY. *(At piano)* Here's my hat—and my bag—on the table—— *(Pointing across at it.)*

MRS. MAGUIRE. On the table—and they swore to me with straight faces—— I'll skin 'em alive! *(Hands bag to JUDY, who crosses to c.)*

JUDY. (*Looks about regretfully and sighs—back to audience*) I hate to go away—I've been so happy here.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Sentimentally*) Darlin', it seems a pity that two people who care for each other—have to part.

JUDY. Now please don't talk like that—you'll make me cry. (*Up c. to little mirror hanging on bunk by steps.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. Will nothin' change yer mind?

JUDY. (*Putting on hat*) No. I've had plenty of time to think things over, and I'm *going*. I'll move in the morning—and you'll never tell anybody where I've gone, remember—you've promised.

MRS. MAGUIRE. Yis. I've given ye me wurrud, but it's goin' to take all the saints in Heaven to kape me from breakin' it.

(*There is a knock left, and before JUDY or MRS. MAGUIRE can do more than look toward them, MATTHEW LETIIBRIDGE ushers in his daughter, MRS. MADISON, into the room. Both are in evening dress.*)

MATTHEW. (*Kindly*) Well—well—I'm glad to find you here, young lady. (*MRS. MAGUIRE is above chair, R. of table. As MATTHEW enters he crosses, leaving hat on table up c. JUDY takes a step backwards, as though weak, and he goes up and directly above her, hands on her shoulders. He faces the audience over her. MRS. MADISON stops in front of table. To MRS. MAGUIRE*) Your husband told us where you were. (*To JUDY*) I want to have a chat with you, young lady, and my daughter has something to say.

JUDY. Oh, no, I don't want to talk to anybody. I can't.

MATTHEW. Now, now!

JUDY. I just want to go away. (*She crosses down C. and to R. below couch; stands just L. of lower end of piano, with back to audience. MATTHEW crosses R. above couch and joins her. MRS. MAGUIRE steps down below chair, R. of table.*)

MRS. MAGUIRE. I'm thinking you'd better let her alone.

MRS. MADISON. (*A step to MRS. MAGUIRE*) I am very sorry—it seems I have done this girl a wrong. My only excuse is—I didn't understand. You see, I think of life and men and women as I know them——

MRS. MAGUIRE. And what kind of men and women are they, then?

MRS. MADISON. Let us say—different. The ways I know—are different. Our ideas about young women—are different. Heaven knows girls have liberty enough, but not quite so much—as I saw here today——

JUDY. (*To MATTHEW over R.*) But she doesn't need to say any more . . .

MATTHEW. Still, I wish you'd listen. As a favor to me. (*After a slight pause JUDY steps to front of couch. MRS. MADISON crosses R. to JUDY. MATTHEW crosses around above couch and down to L. of MRS. MADISON, leaving space between them.*)

MRS. MADISON. (*To JUDY*) I want to apologize to you. My brother has told me quite a little about you—and my father has explained how very unselfish you have been—I realize I've done you a wrong and I'm very, very sorry. Will you please—forgive me?

JUDY. Why, of course.

MRS. MADISON. Thank you.

JUDY. And you needn't be afraid I'll take your brother from you. I've been thinking it over since this afternoon, and it won't do. It won't do. (*She*



*crosses* MRS. MADISON *to* MATTHEW) You both want him to come back, but you don't want me.

MATTHEW. But we do.

JUDY. No. Not really. Why should you? (*Turns to* MRS. MADISON) You said just now your world is different. That's true. (*MATTHEW is standing behind her. He places his hand on her downstage shoulder. She covers it with her own.*) I know—you're sorry for me—but you don't want me for a daughter. If I married him, I'd feel unwelcome—he would know it, so he wouldn't stay home. He'd live down here—and waste his life—and if I came to you with him, *you'd* be unhappy—so would I—and so would *he*. So I'll just go—and I won't see him—or write to him—or let him know where I live. Then he'll go back to you—and forget—as *I'll*—forget—and that's all. (*She crosses MATTHEW to c.*)

MRS. MADISON. (*Sincerely*) I am very sorry. Believe me, I would do anything I could. Isn't there some way I can help you?

JUDY. No. I don't think anyone can help me now. (*Starts L. MRS. MAGUIRE intercepts her.*) I don't want to be here when the boys get back. (*Crosses L. to door. MATTHEW signals MRS. MADISON, who crosses after JUDY and catches her at door, standing a little above her.*)

MRS. MADISON. (*Very graciously*) How would you like to spend a few days in the country—as my guest—at my Long Island place? It's very pretty there—and very quiet just now. You'd have it practically to yourself—then you could think about what you'd like to do. Now don't say no—we'll sit in my car for a few moments and talk it over. (*JUDY betrays reluctance, but doesn't know very well how to refuse.*)

MATTHEW. And before you go—I'd like to see

you—both. Will you kindly—(*To JUDY*)—wait till I come down?

JUDY. Yes. (*JUDY and MRS. MADISON exit. MATTHEW is standing at L. end of couch. MRS. MAGUIRE C.*)

MATTHEW. You think a great deal of her?

MRS. MAGUIRE. As if she were me own.

MATTHEW. She's a brave little girl.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Tearfully*) I wonder if anny of her people were Irish. (*On the laugh she crosses to above table. JACK enters L. He is in dinner clothes and has shaved.*)

JACK. Hello, Dad!

MATTHEW. Good heavens! (*He collapses on couch. JACK crosses to him. MRS. MAGUIRE works around to L. of table, near door.*)

JACK. Glad to see you. Didn't expect you'd drop in again. Sorry I wasn't here this afternoon.

MATTHEW. Yes. It's too bad. When did you shave?

JACK. This afternoon.

MATTHEW. Hum!! (*He looks at MRS. MAGUIRE, who winks at him.*) Well, what persuaded you to?

JACK. Oh, I got tired of it.

MRS. MAGUIRE. (*Laughs*) He got tired of it—Ain't that funny? (*They look at her. She laughs, going to door. She looks back at MATTHEW and winks*) You lose. (*She goes out L., laughing.*)

JACK. What's the joke?

MATTHEW. (*Pretending ignorance*) Oh, I don't know, some idea of her own. Never mind that. I dropped in to ask you—to come back. My boy—I want you—and I need you.

JACK. Dad, I'd love to come back. I've been thinking of it for some time.

MATTHEW. (*Rising*) Oh, I see—you don't really like it here—these young fellows—rowdy crew—eh?

JACK. No. 'Tisn't the place. I like it and the boys are regular fellows—but—well, I've been getting some good advice, and perhaps this venture of mine is rather—quixotic.

MATTHEW. Well, well! I'm curious to know who advised you.

JACK. There's a girl here—a girl named Judy.

MATTHEW. Yes, I've seen her. Did *she* tell you to come back?

JACK. Yes.

MATTHEW. Didn't care for the Vandyke beard—did she?

JACK. Not particularly.

MATTHEW. She seems to exert quite an influence over you.

JACK. I'm going to marry her, Dad. That's what I wanted to tell you.

MATTHEW. I see. Has she promised to marry you?

JACK. No—but——

MATTHEW. (*Glancing at JACK's chin*) Well, I've never tried to influence you, but of course I expected you to marry a girl in your own crowd. You've always gone about with a fine set of young people.

JACK. There are none of them like her. Nobody is like her. She's wonderful. Her heart is big enough to hold all the love in the world—and her gay little head is packed full of practical common sense. She's a splendid housewife. You should have seen the place before she came.

MATTHEW. To sum up—you're in love with her.

JACK. I'll be glad to come back, Dad—but I want to bring her with me.

MATTHEW. Lucy spoke of this.

JACK. Lucy was unjust here today. She said things that were untrue. I ask you to see this little girl, get acquainted with her, come to know her as

I know her. Then I am sure you will tell her my family doesn't look down on her. Your sense of justice will make you.

MATTHEW. It's hardly what Lucy or I expected.

JACK. You understand that I don't mean to bulldoze or bluff—but I can't come home without her. I can't live without her.

MATTHEW. (*Very non-committal*) Hum! (*He walks about reflecting with grave face*) This is rather a serious business. Too serious to be decided—offhand. Isn't it possible that something may happen to change your mood?

JACK. No, sir. (*He sits on couch.*)

MATTHEW. (*Back of table*) I see. (*Voices of TOM, DICK and HARRY heard off L.*) Well—we'll talk this over—again—later. (*MATTHEW goes above table as BOYS burst in. The following lines are to cover their entrance.*)

HARRY. I don't believe she's gone—it's some kind of a trick. (*He throws his hat down.*)

TOM. Well, she isn't downstairs—Tim said so.

DICK. And her trunk is packed and ready to go.

(*They stop short at the sight of JACK. Then rush to him, TOM R. of JACK. HARRY in front of him, DICK L. of JACK with a noisy ad lib. It ends with TOM's line, on which JACK pushes his way through them and to L. of them. MATTHEW drops down L. of table and takes hat.*)

TOM. And you've removed the lambrequins.

DICK. I always knew you had a face.

JACK. Boys, I want you to meet my father. This is Dick Wetherby—

DICK. (*Crosses L. to MATTHEW, who is R. against door*) Good evening, sir.

JACK. Harry Stanton.

HARRY. (*Crosses to MATTHEW as DICK goes up L. of table, crosses stage at back, leaving hat in his bunk R., and drops down R. of couch*) How do you do, Mr. Lethbridge. (*He goes up L. of table and leaves his hat in his bunk.*)

(WARN.)

JACK. (c.) And Tom Danforth.

TOM. (*Crosses to MATTHEW*) Hello. (*He turns and crosses back R. in back of JACK to above L. of couch.*)

MATTHEW. I'm glad to know all of you boys, and I'm sorry I have to jog along. Just dropped in to see Jack a moment. Jack, we'll settle that matter later. (*Generally*) Good night. (*Exits, leaving door open. HARRY to L. of JACK, who is c. DICK in front of L. end of couch, TOM behind him.*)

HARRY. Jack—do you know where Judy's gone?

JACK. Gone?

(WARN.)

TOM. Yes—gone. Have you any idea where she meant to go?

JACK. But she hasn't gone.

DICK. Oh, yes, she has. She won't come up again—and she won't see us. Her trunk's packed and Tim and his wife are mum as oysters. I hate to tell you this, but it was something your sister said——

JACK. I see. So that's why he said something might happen to change my mind. (*Turns and goes upstage c. to window, back to audience.*)

(*DICK sits on L. end of couch, facing front. TOM is above him, standing. HARRY crosses to left end of couch, facing R., talking to TOM and screening door from him. None of the boys see the following. MATTHEW enters L. with arm about JUDY, who seems unwilling to come in. He places her just inside door and goes out,*

*slamming it after him. The slam makes the three boys look around. DICK crosses L. to just below armchair, R. of table.)*

DICK. Judy—I have something to tell you——

TOM. *(To below DICK)* We have something to tell you.

HARRY. *(To below TOM)* Yes. We don't want you for our little sister any more, so we've agreed to let you know how we feel—and to ask you to give the one you care for most the right to be something more than a big brother. The one you choose will be the happiest chap in the world and the others will wish him—and wish *you*—every happiness.

*(This declaration is too much for JUDY and she is crying.)*

JUDY. Oh boys—— *(Crosses to below couch. Turns)* Come here, Dick.

*(DICK takes a step toward her, convinced that he is the one. C. he turns and gives the other boys a look, adjusts coat and starts over very self confident. TOM stares at him, wide-eyed, and then, very disappointed, drops his gaze to the floor. As DICK takes JUDY's hands she silently shakes her head. He realizes he is not the one; short pause, starts to turn angrily at the other two boys. JUDY puts her hand gently on his arm. He stops, turns back to her, nods quietly, shakes hands with her and goes up to his bunk R. TOM looks up slowly and JUDY beckons to him. He starts to her, laughing over his shoulder to HARRY. Almost takes her in his arms when she silently tells him she cannot marry him. He draws away enough to look at her, shakes his head questioningly, she affirms this, he looks*

*down, seem very disconsolate and then, still holding JUDY, turns to give a hard look at HARRY, who grins from ear to ear. TOM kisses JUDY on the cheek; goes up to China. HARRY crosses impulsively, she refuses him, and he goes up, bunk L. JUDY turns, facing front. Short pause. JACK now sees situation.)*

JACK. *(Comes down to L. end of couch, softly)*  
Judy.

JUDY. *(Turns and looks at him, first time she sees his face) Oh—— (To him, stroking the smooth cheek) You did! (Embrace. Both boys pull curtains of bunks.)*

CURTAIN



## COSTUME PLOT

JUDY: Act I, Scene I:

Black and white Pierrot costume, black knickers, white blouse, black ruff and tam, black cloak.

Scene II: Change to striped house dress, much too large.

Act II:

White simple costume with green trimming.  
Small green hat.

Act III:

Green dress which will harmonize with same hat.

MRS. MAGUIRE: Act I, Scene I:

Gingham house dress.

Scene II:

Same with large work apron and mob cap.

Acts II and III:

Simple cloth dress. Gray.

MRS. MADISON: Act II:

Very handsome street dress, hat.

Act III:

Evening gown, opera cape.

JACK: Act I:

Light brown norfolk suit, soft hat.

Act II:

Gray double-breasted suit.

Act III:

Tuxedo.

TOM:

Soft shirt, collar attached, no tie, old gray suit,  
brown shoes. Old gray soft hat.

Acts II and III:

Brown suit and soft hat.

DICK: Act I:

Gray trousers, sweater, rubber sole shoes, dark gray coat, old soft hat.

Acts II and III:

Double-breasted blue suit.

HARRY: Act I:

Blue trousers, tennis sneakers, gym shirt; later put on sweat shirt, then brown coat.

Act II:

Gray suit.

MR. LETHBRIDGE:

Act II: Morning clothes, cutaway, and high hat.

Act III: Evening clothes and overcoat.

GRIDLEY:

Rusty black suit and derby hat.

## SETTING

The set represents a studio room occupied by four boys, situated in Greenwich Village, New York City. It is thirty feet across the front opening, and eleven feet six inches deep to the steps and the front of the bunks.

The right wall runs straight up from the tormentor, two wings deep.

The left wall runs straight up, two wings deep, with the downstage wing containing a large heavy black door, the only entrance to the room from the street. Hall backing off this entrance.

From the right wall upstage, a door piece is set on and off stage. No door is used in this. It is the entrance to a closet which has been utilized as explained later.

From the left wall in similar position a plain wing.

Between these two wings is situated a huge studio window constructed as follows:

Raking piece at each end, three feet deep, from floor straight up three feet, and then oblique to the top.

Across the back a piece fifteen feet long by three feet high. From the top of this, three feet from the floor the window runs to the ceiling. The window is in three five foot sections. The center section contains two pieces that open like French doors. This window should be glass all the way to the ceiling. Outside of it a piece is pin-hinged on outside to represent the overhanging edge of the roof eaves. Center of this window, leading up to the doors three steps. Steps three feet wide. Solid piece at each side of stairs with rail.

Back of window a platform four steps high leading off to left and out of sight.

Back of platform a brick parapet. Beyond this two rows of rooftops, then a sky cyclorama.

Back of the door opening right the wall is angled in the same as the window. This closet has a bunk built into it and painted black. Each side of the steps up center to window is built a bunk, six feet by three feet. Both have curtain poles at the top.

The original set was first painted a light brown, then stippled with a heavy spatter of French gray, a very light spatter of pale pink, and last a spatter of blue.

All woodwork brown, except the door which is black. No baseboard or moulding used.

The closet up right has been converted into a sleeping berth, and is known as "China." Around the door frame is a thickness of bamboo. Yellow drapes, eighteen inches wide, painted with Chinese characters in black. A small square

Chinese lantern over center of opening. Blue backing with a piece of red embroidery down center of backing. Over door a Chinese parasol, opened and fastened flat against the wall. The other nook beds are known as "The Grid-dle" and "The Tomb."

## FURNITURE

Right, down stage, a small chair with an upholstered seat. Above this an upright piano, with a keyboard lid in one piece. A two-section lid is hard to use for the business. Above the piano is the trunk described later. On wall above this trunk a handsome old afghan, used for a couch cover in action.

Left above door in corner a very small kitchen table, on same the gas stove, and above the table on wall a three-shelf cabinet, roughly made, with the dishes and glassware, etc. On back flat in this corner a quarter gas meter, practical. Below table a low screen, not over forty-eight inches in height.

Left of center a library table, up and down stage. Left of table a small armchair. Front of table a small upholstered stool. Right of table in Act I a kitchen chair. In Act II this has been replaced with a large leather-covered armchair.

Right of center an old lounge or couch with an elevated head. This is obliqued with the head end right and up stage. Two old sofa pillows on same.

All three bunks made up with sheets and mattresses. Right bunk has two green Pullman curtains on pole, one numbered "7" and the other "11." Left bunk has an awning which raises and lowers on a cord.

Old faded curtains on window center on a draw string, when closed leave about eighteen inches in center open for spot light to show through. Have lower end of these curtains behind a wire stretched on window, otherwise they will hang away from window on account of slant of same inward at top.

Above the couch, at the center end, a modelling stand. On this an almost completed head. Place this stand above couch enough to allow passage between. Stool at piano.

Trunk above piano, in trunk a suitcase, in suitcase a cash box, in box a pint flask filled with fake whiskey. On top of trunk a closed and packed suitcase for "Jack." Next to door left a folding hatrack on wall.

## LIGHTS

Outside the window is hung a light pipe, on which are five thousand watt bunches. Three of these are blue and two are straw. Also on this pipe a thousand watt spot shining through the center of the window and hitting the head of the couch.

The blue circuit is used for Act I, Scene I, and Act III.

The straw circuit is used for Act I, Scene II and for Act II.

No strips in hall or in "China."

On stage two bracket lights, one either side of window in back wall. In Act I, torn paper shades on these. These shades should be of the ten-cent store variety, and not all the same pattern.

On table L.C. a lamp with a china vase base. In Act I a shade made of crepe paper, torn.

In Acts II and III these shades have all been replaced by good looking ones.

Foots, mixed amber, rose and a few blues; left in front of table two frosted white globes. Same right in front of couch. In the original production two different circuits of foots were used, one for the night scenes and an entirely different set for the day scenes. The same thing was done with the X-ray border.

Bay spot, straw on table L.C., to cover table lamp.

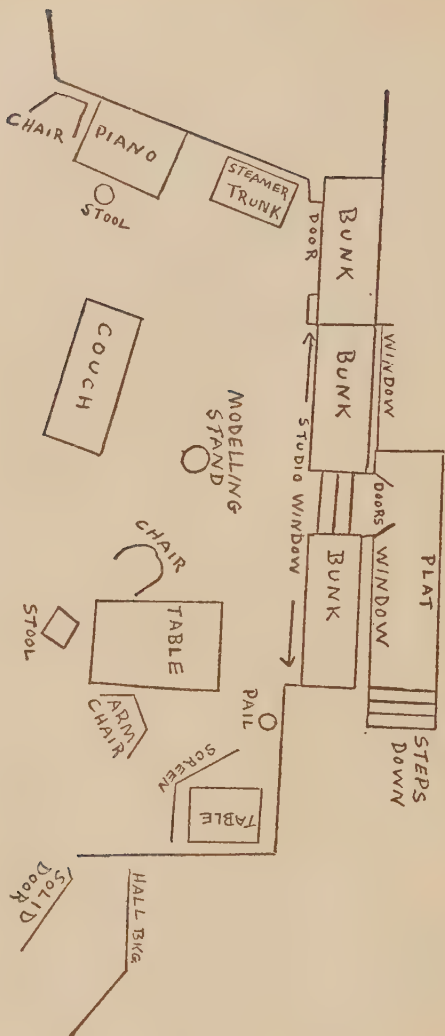
Be sure not to over light first scene and last act.

# BLUE SKY DROP

ROOF TOPS

ROOF TOPS

PARADET



SCENE DESIGN  
"JUDY DROPS IN"



# DADDY LONG-LEGS

A charming comedy in 4 acts. By Jean Webster. The full cast calls for 6 males, 7 females and 6 orphans, but the play, by the easy doubling of some of the characters, may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls of any age. Four easy interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Many readers of current fiction will recall Jean Webster's "Daddy Long-Legs." Miss Webster dramatized her story and it was presented at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, under Henry Miller's direction, with Ruth Chatterton in the principal rôle. "Daddy Long-Legs" tells the story of Judy, a pretty little drudge in a bleak New England orphanage. One day, a visiting trustee becomes interested in Judy and decides to give her a chance. She does not know the name of her benefactor, but simply calls him Daddy Long-Legs, and writes him letters brimming over with fun and affection. From the Foundling's Home she goes to a fashionable college for girls and there develops the romance that constitutes much of the play's charm. The New York Times reviewer, on the morning after the Broadway production, wrote the following: "If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs.' To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and which was presented at the Gaiety last night. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter." "Daddy Long-Legs" enjoyed a two-years' run in New York, and was then toured for over three years. It is now published in play form for the first time. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents,

# THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR

A comedy in 4 acts. By James Forbes. 3 males, 10 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays a full evening.

An absorbing play of modern American family life. "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is concerned with a strenuous lady who returns from overseas to lecture, and consequently neglects her daughter, who is just saved in time from disaster. Acted with great success by Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

Our new descriptive catalogue sent free on request.

# POLLYANNA

"The glad play," in 3 acts. By Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Based on the novel by Eleanor H. Porter. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story has to do with the experiences of an orphan girl who is thrust, unwelcome, into the home of a maiden aunt. In spite of the tribulations that beset her life she manages to find something to be glad about, and brings light into sunless lives. Finally, Pollyanna straightens out the love affairs of her elders, and last, but not least, finds happiness for herself in the heart of Jimmy. "Pollyanna" is a glad play and one which is bound to give one a better appreciation of people and the world. It reflects the humor, tenderness and humanity that gave the story such wonderful popularity among young and old.

Produced at the Hudson Theatre, New York, and for two seasons on tour, by George C. Tyler, with Helen Hayes in the part of "Pollyanna." (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

# THE CHARM SCHOOL

A comedy in 3 acts. By Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. 6 males, 10 females (may be played by 5 males and 8 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. Scenes, 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman, scarcely out of his 'teens, who, upon inheriting a girls' boarding-school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girls of to-day should be CHARM. The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school, and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age. The play has the freshness of youth, the inspiration of an extravagant but novel idea, the charm of originality, and the promise of wholesome, sanely amusing, pleasant entertainment. We strongly recommend it for high school production. It was first produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, then toured the country. Two companies are now playing it in England. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

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# COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

A charming comedy in 3 acts. Adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. 6 males, 5 females. 3 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "Come Out of the Kitchen" is written around a Virginia family of the old aristocracy, by the name of Daingerfield, who, finding themselves temporarily embarrassed, decide to rent their magnificent home to a rich Yankee. One of the conditions of the lease by the well-to-do New Englander stipulates that a competent staff of white servants should be engaged for his sojourn at the stately home. This servant question presents practically insurmountable difficulties, and one of the daughters of the family conceives the mad-cap idea that she, her sister and their two brothers shall act as the domestic staff for the wealthy Yankee. Olivia Daingerfield, who is the ringleader in the merry scheme, adopts the cognomen of Jane Allen, and elects to preside over the destinies of the kitchen. Her sister, Elizabeth, is appointed housemaid. Her elder brother, Paul, is the butler, and Charley, the youngest of the group, is appointed to the position of bootboy. When Burton Crane arrives from the North, accompanied by Mrs. Faulkner, her daughter, and Crane's attorney, Tucker, they find the staff of servants to possess so many methods of behavior out of the ordinary that amusing complications begin to arise immediately. Olivia's charm and beauty impress Crane above everything else, and the merry story continues through a maze of delightful incidents until the real identity of the heroine is finally disclosed. But not until Crane has professed his love for his charming cook, and the play ends with the brightest prospects of happiness for these two young people. "Come Out of the Kitchen," with Ruth Chatterton in the leading rôle, made a notable success on its production by Henry Miller at the Cohan Theatre, New York. It was also a great success at the Strand Theatre, London. A most ingenious and entertaining comedy, and we strongly recommend it for amateur production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

## GOING SOME

Play in 4 acts. By Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach. 12 males, 4 females. 2 exteriors, 1 interior. Costumes, modern and cowboy. Plays a full evening.

Described by the authors as the "chronicle of a certain lot of college men and girls, with a tragic strain of phonograph and cowboys." A rollicking good story, full of action, atmosphere, comedy and drama, redolent of the adventurous spirit of youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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**SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City**

**Our new descriptive catalogue sent free on request.**

# TWEEDLES

Comedy in 3 acts, by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Julian, scion of the blue-blooded Castleburys, falls in love with Winsora Tweedle, daughter of the oldest family in a Maine village. The Tweedles esteem the name because it has been rooted in the community for 200 years, and they look down on "summer people" with the vigor that only "summer boarder" communities know.

The Castleburys are aghast at the possibility of a match, and call on the Tweedles to urge how impossible such an alliance would be. Mr. Castlebury laboriously explains the barrier of social caste, and the elder Tweedle takes it that these unimportant summer folk are terrified at the social eminence of the Tweedles.

Tweedle generously agrees to co-operate with the Castleburys to prevent the match. But Winsora brings her father to realize that in reality the Castleburys look upon them as inferiors. The old man is infuriated, and threatens vengeance, but is checkmated when Julian unearths a number of family skeletons and argues that father isn't a Tweedle, since the blood has been so diluted that little remains. Also, Winsora takes the matter into her own hands and outfaces the old man. So the youngsters go forth triumphant. "Tweedles" is Booth Tarkington at his best. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents,

# JUST SUPPOSE

A whimsical comedy in 3 acts, by A. E. Thomas, author of "Her Husband's Wife," "Come Out of the Kitchen," etc. 6 males, 2 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

It was rumored that during his last visit the Prince of Wales appeared for a brief spell under an assumed name somewhere in Virginia. It is on this story that A. E. Thomas based "Just Suppose." The theme is handled in an original manner. Linda Lee Stafford meets one George Shipley (in reality is the Prince of Wales). It is a case of love at first sight, but, alas, princes cannot select their mates and thereby hangs a tale which Mr. Thomas has woven with infinite charm. The atmosphere of the South with its chivalry dominates the story, touching in its sentiment and lightened here and there with delightful comedy. "Just Suppose" scored a big hit at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, with Patricia Collinge. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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